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Notes of the Week

AS we go to press, early in the Christmas week, it seems certain that the year will not close under very pleasant international or political conditions. The conference of the peace delegates at St. James's Palace is at the moment disagreed upon the question of Adrianople, and it is a disagreement so complete that it is difficult to foresee what will happen. In our own affairs, fresh evidence as to the haste with which the National Insurance Act was passed comes from the decision of an overwhelming majority of the medical men of this country to decline service under it; even a motion "to accept service under protest for a trial three months" was completely defeated at Saturday's debate. This means, if we mistake not, more trouble for an already harassed Government which does not seem to realise that hurriedly constructed political fireworks are liable to explode prematurely and injure everybody concerned. In the East End of London the sudden closing down of the Thames Ironworks will lessen considerably the merriment natural to the week, notwithstanding the optimistic postscript of Mr. Arnold Hills. An asset on the brighter side is that we are fairly free at present from labour troubles, and trade in general appears to be good.

We thought that before long some misguided enthusiast would attack the Christmas dinner as an institution, and here comes a doctor, with eleven letters after his name, to tell us in the columns of a contemporary that the feast is "wrong ethically, bad morally, wasteful economically, and enervating physiologically." His arguments we have not space to refute; but if we had, it would hardly be worth while. We are free to admit that the Englishman has a partiality, a failing, it may be, in the direction of banquets; he distinguishes a scientist or an explorer by giving him an expensive dinner; he bids good-bye to a friend over a farewell supper; in fact, he celebrates most important events by calling the chef to his aid. But, in spite of all the doctors and theorists in the universe, he will undoubtedly never give up the annual occasion when in festive union he and his friends can meet and discuss roast beef and plum pudding. It would be asking too much—even if there were a tax upon each dish, as there probably will be soon.

The choice seems to be more limited every year as to the particular books most suitable, for the season, to the grown-up people. There is, of course, an annual overdose of magazines and Christmas numbers which begin to appear in October and in a few years' time may spread from Midsummer Day to December; but not many of us could stand the strain of two or three days at these rainbow-coloured special issues. No one seems to write Christmas books now, except for boys and girls; the gap is filled by that peculiarly modern product known as the "gift-book," in which some old and well-tried poem or tale is cut up into sections, printed in beautiful type on art paper, and illustrated gorgeously—though not always appropriately—by artists good, bad, and indifferent. This comparatively new industry seems to flourish exceedingly; and we often wonder what becomes of the thousands of these expensive volumes that flood the market each winter. If, as the legend goes, a copy of every book published has to be stored at the British Museum, small wonder that there is talk of extending the boundaries of that national treasure-house. We feel sorry for the inquirer of the distant future who, writing a history of the Christmas Literature of the Ancient English, has to summarise in a chapter or two the question of the gift-book.

Berlin will soon be a model city—the "forbidden" city in a new sense of the word. After April 13 next, if you are having a little music in your house, flat, or restaurant, the windows must be closed; "whistling, singing, shouting, or loud talking" that may endanger the quiet of the streets will be "verboten"; waggons must not drive in a way to cause "nerve-shattering noises"; no paper, cigar-ends or cigarette-ends, or fruit must be thrown into the streets; and ladies' dresses must not drag the ground lest germ-laden dust be raised. Life is worth living in London; after April 13 we doubt if it will be worth living in Berlin!

Violets

WITH hope, upon the last sad day
Of this departing year,
We come from one who, on life's weary way,
Still holds you dear:

Who, though your heart with grief be torn,
Would bid your faith arise
And meet the young days of the year new-born,
With steadfast eyes.

And we, frail creatures of the sun,
Who linger at your feet,
Offer, as incense to the year just done,
Our perfume sweet.

Though we, alas! must pass and die,
Meanwhile to you we bring
Token of deathless love; and, by and by,
Promise of Spring.

BERTHA HARRISON.

A Christmas Assembly

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THERE are some who say that the spirit of Christmas jollity is dying. If you refer them to the good-humoured throngs, laden with packages, in the streets, to the laughing children and the happy faces, they reply that Christmas has become a commercial institution, and assert that the business man looks upon it from the point of view of a more or less plethoric pocket; also, that romance in this connection is dead. Here, then, for their benefit and better education, is a brief account of what happened last Wednesday evening, in London, the city of gloom, where, according to the dismal ones, the spirit of Christmas is forgotten:—

At a quarter to six, forty business men of not particularly romantic appearance assembled in the upper room of a certain hostelry of Fleet Street, associated for as long as it stands with the name of Dr. Johnson. For a while they conversed on many topics; by the earnestness of their mien, and by the way in which they eagerly consulted little books which each one placed on the wooden table in front of him, a stranger might have imagined that they were intent on deeds that should shake the Stock Exchange to its foundations and echo in the bourses of the civilised world, and that the mysterious volumes contained calculations of crops or details of finance of tremendous import. He would be, however, utterly wrong. They were gathered together to read "A Christmas Carol" through, from beginning to end. Think of that, and retire dumb-founded, you who would so lightly cut the golden chains of Romance!

Precisely at six o'clock the tinkle of a silvery bell, facetiously named "Big Ben," announced that the President of the Assembly was in his chair of office at the

cross-table. The buzz of talk died down as by magic; every member of the company opened his little book. The President, a gentleman eighty-five years young rather than old, drew in silence a number from a bag, and called the name corresponding to that number. A voice began to read the finest ghost-story in the world:

"Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. . . ."

After a few minutes, the tiny bell sounded. The reader's voice ceased; another number was drawn, another name was called, and fresh tones took up the tale.

So, amid a hush that was only emphasised at intervals by the furtive striking of a match, amid wreathing smoke that ascended like incense to the smiling Spirit of Christmas that we felt could not be far away, we read in turn of the poor lean clerk, Bob Cratchit, in his lonely, cold "tank" of an office; of the awful door-knocker that changed to Marley's face; of the Ghost of Christmas Past that led the miserable miser through the scenes of his childhood; of the Ghost of Christmas Present that took him to the famous party at the Cratchit's; of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come that showed him Tiny Tim, and the "shadows of the things that may be," and his own tombstone. We read of Mr. Fezziwig's ball, laughing as we read; of the riotous joys of the brilliant shops, chuckling with reflected merriment; of Scrooge's nephew's friend's wicked game of blind man's buff, when he couldn't catch anybody but the plump sister (who said it wasn't fair); and of a hundred other things. And at the conclusion of each stave—for this was part of the ritual of the notable occasion—we all shouted "Hear, hear!" as loud as we could; and after the announcement of the last stave—which, as you may remember, is entitled "The End of It"—we roared "Hear, hear!" more heartily than ever; not, of course, because the time for the appearance of the Great Pudding was drawing near, but simply because we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

It would be impossible to tell in detail of how that monster of a pudding—a corpulent sphere that a whole waiter could hardly stagger upstairs with—was treated at nine o'clock. I am not ashamed to say that some of us had two helpings; nor am I ashamed to state that we became quite lively—considering that most of us were solid, unromantic business men—when the ale and the cider and—the other things, came up. We stood in silence and honoured the memory of Charles Dickens with a toast; we toasted also the genial President, who for many years has thus gathered his friends round him to read "A Christmas Carol." And then, at the most respectable hour of eleven, we went homeward, only desiring to meet the misanthrope who should say that the spirit of Christmas is dead. He would have been assured, in no gentle fashion, that it still lived.

Kate's Fall

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

AMONG those minor sanctuaries which the remorseless antiquary has robbed of their legends, there is one that may still preserve rank and continue worthy of pilgrimage for itself, albeit the story that belonged thereto is credited no more.

From north-eastern Dartmoor descends the little Lyd, and at a great slope of the land, where men once sank a mine, the river has carved a steep and winding stair upon the face of a cliff, and worms circuitously down near fifty feet from her bed above to her channels below. The solid rock she threads until, grown impatient of burrowing, she flings herself out in a great cascade, and leaps to the bottom of the precipice in one shining, thundering fall. She boils and bubbles in the hollow beneath for a while, then, with recovered temper, by stickle and hover and shadowed pool, glides on her way. When Lyd runs low in summer, the water-fall frays out fine as a woman's hair, and descends with a gentle purr into the hollowed cup of marble beneath; but in winter, or at time of freshet, she pours down in one pillar of whiteness, chased with silver light and scored with dim green hollows in her front of foam.

From these ever-falling waters a vapour lifts, now in clouds of spray, to make a home for the rainbow, now in fine, invisible moisture, that kisses the rocks to life and drapes them with close, cunning tapestries, that hang with velvety colours in the gloom, or shine out on weathered crag and scarp of the little cliffs. Here the sun reaches them as well as the water, to set the orange and silver glittering, to light the black and umber lichens and trace those subtle patterns that wake to life where moisture plays on stone.

Each nook and cranny about Kate's Fall holds a fern springing from the bright cushions of the moss; thorn and furze cling to the steep banks and ivy festoons the ridge of the rocks in a waving curtain. Here also cling oak saplings and the holly, while crowning the heights above this cleft of the river's cutting, stand grey ash and beech. They break the middle distance finely and lead to the dim purple of the Moor that towers beyond.

At close quarters the ears are stunned by the shout of the fall, and one may mark dark pockets and cavities rammed into the stone by the river. There is cause for astonishment here, not at these deep carvings, but at the eternal rocks that have suffered so little and possessed power to resist the torrent through so many centuries. The impact of this weight of waters is terrific, and the solid earth around throbs to the steady and ceaseless thunder of it.

Westward the river winds away with many a silvery curve, and the banks fall until they widen into green fields on either bank. Then a grove swallows little Lyd and she vanishes beneath great woods aglow with autumn fire.

Light breaks fitfully from cloudy skies, and aloft, far away above the river's cradle under Great Links, great

darkness frets with storm the blue and silver; but though sunshine fleets but wanly upon the heights, to be swiftly swallowed again by the rolling fleeces of the rain, here in the river valley the gleam is warm; the woods are aflame, and dead foliage flashes brilliantly about the fall. Russet, deep auburn, pale gold, the leaves flood the coombe with colour, and a thousand streaks and splashes of reflected glory from the banks gleam on the river's face, tremble over the darkness of the deep water, fade away into the cold foam-light beneath the fall. The final pageant fires birch and beech, red oak and yellow hazel; but the leaves of the ash have all flown away, though on its grey boughs, clinging to the twigs, there hang great clusters of brown keys to help the colour song.

Here tradition told of aged Kit, whose name was turned to Kitty and then to Kate. Riding home in the moonlight, her horse slipped above the fall, and was carried off his legs by the river with his mistress on his back. Both would have been swept to death, but that the "crooks" which supported the panniers were too wide to pass through the cleft in the rocks. Here, therefore, woman and beast hung suspended all night—to be rescued more dead than alive on the following day.

But the drab truth tells another tale, because this is all a fiction to explain the name. For "Kit," we must read "Skit"—a word denoting the upper waters of a stream. "Skit Steps," was the name of a crossing below the fall, and "Skit" the name of a bridge above it. But there came the romancer to the river side; successfully turned "Skit Steps" to "Kate's Fall," and appropriated these facts to his own needs very pleasantly. Then comes the antiquary to discover and destroy our myth and bid us mourn no more for the predicament of ancient Kate and her steed. So poor poetry is harried from pillar to post, until presently she will be called to abandon the sleeping past altogether, and find her account only in the wide-awake present.

Yet one still remembers that aphorism of Nietzsche: "Art is with us that we shall not perish from truth."

Pipe Dreams

GREEN hills of spruce dipped steeply on the other side of the river right down to the expanse of the blue water that flowed on westward to a world of tender hues. For it was evening, and the west glowed like a wonderful orient rose that had fallen down from the parrot-blue dome of the sky. The tranquillity of a dream seemed to soothe these Canadian backwoods and the Lac la Cloche river preparatory to the brief summer night. There were four of them—the engineer, the draughtsman, their bespectacled aid, and the guide. They had paddled long to make the portage—long, bright, blue hours of a summer day, that seemed to have no end. At last, as the day waned, they had gained it, and clambered up the rocky bank, lichen-

and blotched with mossy cushions, to a little clearance, where the rare white man came to boil his kettle and sleep beneath a lonely gaunt pine. On the morrow, with shoulder-broadening toil, they would push on over the portage trail to the headwaters.

But now the tent was stretched and they had fed. A thin spiral of lavender smoke gyrated up from the whitening embers of the fire into the delicate, dark, blue air. There was the woodland fragrance of their balsam beds abroad in the twilight presaging the sweet gipsy sleep under the stars. Wadding their pipes with native plug tobacco, they gratefully sat themselves, impervious to mosquitoes, on the glaciated granite slope of the bank. The water's surface, Baltique blue, stole unrippled by and the foliage hung without a tremour. Once a bull frog uttered his guttural ululation. The night lay around them sultry, tepid, and moist, like human breath. The dark blue sky, the emerald verdure and the fading rose of the west entranced them. In the stillness there came booming out over the land the call of the bull moose, embodying, it seemed, the cry of life for happiness. Then the silence closed the more intense around them. But the spectacled one with his usual inanity broke its silver spell.

"Supposing you fellows could get whatever you wanted now, what would you choose?"

Then each spoke after his desire.

"I would like to have a brush and paint it all," said the draughtsman, who, after his kind, was at heart a dauber. "I dream sometimes of colour—flakes and blotches and iridescent colour. I shall never forget the chunks of vermilion and Chinese white one sees in apple blossom in spring, with the shrill green leaves, and the sky faded cobalt washed with gold. . . . I remember the crimson coral of a woman's mouth I loved long ago, and the violet day-dream in her eyes; the vaporous sails of a fishing smack one night across a moonlit harbour; the veil of a mist on a low, flat land of poplars with white ribboned roads; the purple of a moor with the sun sinking in amber and topaz like a crushed jewel. Yes, I remember them. No, I see them, that's it. But I'd be just as content here as anywhere, if only I had a stick-up, knife and brush, and no one made me do anything else, to feed and clothe me, but paint what I see. That's what I should like most."

And the guide spoke. "A sunset always makes me think of fights—hitting a man on the jaw. Everything seems about this time to reek of blood. It makes me long for a great big fight with someone I've never seen but whom I've always hated—for a fight wilder than a boxing match or breaking the heart of a bucking mare, or landing a fish twice your weight, or holding a bull by the horns. I want sometime to find a great fight—to hit out hard and go on fighting, while the sun goes down for the last time."

With his pipe in his teeth the tall engineer spoke.

"I've only been once to Paris. I was swotting then for Woolwich, and went there for a week to get an

accent. But by all that's great I'd like to go there again. I'd like to sit out, once more, on an evening such as this, on the Boulevards. It would be good to watch the people stream by—the happiest, daintiest crowd in all the world. Oh, it's like a river—a river of humanity—drinking, chatting, and laughing. Here on the pavement are set the little tables of the cafés with their boxes of sheltering green. Groups and couples sit before the bottles and glasses they hardly ever trouble about. Then the cabs and taxis flit by, like those fire-flies over there, in a fiery ballet of red, blue, and green lights. Then the women—pipe-dreams, perfumed poems, painted pictures, alive, walking, smiling, turning to look at you. Talk about homesickness. I've got Paris sickness—the nostalgia for civilisation, and I've got it bad."

Then the myopic one spoke.

"Of course you know the thing I would like best of all would be to be able to see like you fellows without these blamed glasses. After that I would like to have a little place, a cottage, you know, down on the Dart at home in the old country. How green that valley is! I can see now its woods right down to the water's edge. I think it must be the greenest place in all the world. And there'd have to be a boat to tie up by your door. I know the very place—somewhere near Dittisham, and there's a regular old-fashioned rumbling mill not far away. It has a garden, too, full of Devonshire strawberries and Christmas roses, and a passion flower on the trellised porch. Sometimes among the flowers there I've smelt the tang of the sea away down the valley. Yes, if I had that I think I'd be content. And then I could have some books."

"What books?" said the engineer.

"Oh, not the books you'd like," the spectacled one returned mildly in self-defence. "Just a few books for my own amusement. I think I'd choose," he continued meditatively, "a Spanish novel I once read, a play or two of Schnitzler, a little sheaf of the stories of Eça Quieroz and Marcel Schwob, Joubert's *Pensées*, Catullus and Wharton's *Sappho*. My! what a book that is! I got it at school as a prize, and I sometimes dream of its Greek fount. Yes, that, I think, would be all—if there were bees in summer and apples in the autumn."

A deep silence fell on them.

Then someone knocked his pipe's ashes out on his heel and yawned. It was the signal they had anxiously awaited, for a shame had come on them; a feeling that they had permitted the caprice of their thought to unveil profanely the treasures of their heart's desire. The camp fire still glowed as they stretched out on their balsam boughs—the softest and sweetest of God's beds. The opalescent rose of the west had long grown dun, the river and its banks and the lone pine itself spectral. They felt themselves passing out from the world on the sea of sleep, while a stirring white-throat's reedy note startled a distant loon into a burst of wild discordant laughter. And then, full of stealth, the darkness and stillness mixed together—and all was gone.

BERNARD MUDDIMAN (Ottawa).

REVIEWS

Check from the Bishop

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church. By the Right Rev. A. G. EDWARDS, Bishop of St. Asaph. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

THIS notable book by the Bishop of St. Asaph would have been at any time a valuable and interesting contribution to British ecclesiastical history; its value in the present crisis to all who are concerned for the safety of the Welsh Church, and for all who honestly seek to judge with fairness between her and her assailants, is incalculable. The Bishop's plan has been to give a clear outline of the history of the Church in Wales from the earliest days, showing plainly her position in relation to revenues, though this is not his main theme; and he has at all points supported his statements by evidence that cannot be gainsaid, yet has nowhere overloaded his pages or made his work such that only an archæologist can appreciate it. It is a lucid, moderate, fully supported presentation of the case, and, though full of the results of painstaking research, it is eminently a book for the reader who can intelligently appreciate facts, but cannot follow intricacies as an antiquary.

The Bishop first discusses the dawn of Christianity in Britain, and reminds us that Tertullian, writing in 208 or 210 A.D., said: "There were places of the Britons unapproached by the Romans, but subdued to Christ." In the year 314 the British Church was represented at the Council or Synod of Arles by three bishops, one presbyter, and one deacon. The Saxon invasion of England overthrew the already venerable organisation of the British Church, but the British victory at Badon Hill about the year 510 checked the advance of our piratical ancestors, and "there was a truce of nearly half a century, during which the hunted remains of the British people and the British Church found their main shelter in the fastnesses of Wales." The next "landmark" is the sharp contention between St. Augustine and the representatives of the Church which had an unbroken tradition in Britain. Pope Gregory had written to the founder of Christianity among the Saxons, "I commend to your brotherly feeling all the bishops of Britain," and in 602 or 603, at Down Ampney, near Cricklade, St. Augustine met some of these bishops. They, "doubtless feeling that they represented only a section of the British Church, agreed to a second and more representative conference." When it took place, "Augustine pressed three points, and, according to Bede, only three—namely, the time of keeping Easter, the mode of administering baptism, and the evangelising of the Saxons. Bede gives the answer of the British in these words: 'We will do none of these things, nor receive you as our archbishop.'" The British Church was not of papal institution, and it asserted its independence more than thirteen hundred years ago.

"There is ample evidence," says the author, "both

implicit and documentary, that the early British Church was well endowed; in a large number of cases the actual terms of the endowment and the detailed description of the boundaries of the land granted, are extant. A fact yet more striking confirms the title of the Church to her ancient possessions: early documents, whose authenticity is accepted by the highest authorities, record the original bestowal upon the Church of many of the lands which she holds to-day, and has held without interruption since the sixth or seventh century. These grants may be classed roughly under the two heads of land and tithe." The Bishop quotes, and in this connection makes a strong point against two of the main arguments of the advocates of Disendowment.

The instances adduced cannot fail to convince impartial inquirers that the Church in Wales has as strong a prescriptive right to her endowments, if not stronger, than the Church in England. Two other facts need special emphasis. One is that a careful study of the records shows that the Church in Wales received her endowments either before the papalisation or after the depapalisation of the Church. This disposes of the argument that her ecclesiastical lands and revenues were originally granted to the Church of Rome. The other is that, grants were invariably made either by individuals or by chieftains acting on behalf of family groups, and were bestowed in most cases on particular churches. This is an effectual answer to the statement that the Church received her endowments from the State.

The Bishop deals in a scholarly, but never in a ponderous manner with the vexed question of tithe in Wales. He enlightens us as to the *decima magna* and the *decimæ minutæ*, and a summary of his conclusions may be found in the following sentences: "We have seen that tithe was in the first instance enjoined as a duty by a struggling Church, and given sporadically by the pious. Later, in places where the Church had grown powerful, it was yielded under the compelling power of public opinion, or even under more forcible constraint; and thus there grew up a custom which, in course of time, found its way into the breasts of the judges, where the Common Law of England is said to reside."

Dr. Edwards deals forcibly with the argument that the present established Church is the creation of the polygamous Tudor monarch. "Nothing can really be further from the truth. What Henry VIII actually did was to reassert and maintain successfully the independence of the Church of England and Wales against unwarrantable Papal claims of supremacy." But the Reformation was not an unmixed boon to the Church. The impropropriation of ecclesiastical possessions impoverished the clergy, and here the Bishop of St. Asaph opens a notable contention, which he ably maintains in his succeeding chapters, that not endowment and superfluity of means, but the curtailment of revenues and lack of resources were the cause of the ills that beset the Welsh Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The later history of the Church

shows, argues the Bishop, that the spoliation in which Henry VIII. led the way was renewed in the time of the Commonwealth "with rapacity stimulated by the added goad of sectarian fanaticism," and with the most disastrous results. Yet the source of all that is best in modern religious life in Wales is to be found in the post-Reformation Welsh Church.

The condition of the Church after the Puritan severities was indeed deplorable; it was extremely poverty-stricken; "in the four Welsh dioceses taken together there were no less than 324 livings of under £30 a year, while the salaries of the curates varied from £5 to £20."

The Bishop gives some highly interesting figures showing the position of nonconformity in Wales in this critical century.

The progress of nonconformity in Wales is of recent date; the Church is the ancient heritage of the Welsh people. And the appeals of nonconformist preachers to the emotional nature of the race have not always been well-directed and abidingly beneficial. "The Welsh revivals throughout were attended by moral and mental derangements too numerous to be ignored or concealed, and thoughtful people doubted the wisdom and the value of the movements which, if not the cause, were certainly the occasion, of these sad occurrences." But there is, of course, a brighter side of the revivals; to which the Bishop does full justice.

Of the more recent work of the Church in Wales it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. Asquith himself has borne emphatic testimony to its progress and worth. We cannot do better than conclude this review of a wholly admirable book by citing a just and weighty warning against the Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill now before Parliament. "The most disastrous consequences of the Puritan oppression and spoliation of the Church during the Commonwealth were moral and not economic. In spite of all their religious professions, the policy of the Puritans infected with a deadly taint the character and the motives of the people, and by shaking the foundation of the virtues of honesty and sincerity paved the way for that torrent of licence and profligacy that disgraced the Restoration. The forces of materialism are silently but ominously gathering strength in Wales: and he is no true patriot who by weakening the oldest and most powerful religious body in Wales will help to prepare a way for the advance of principles which set at nought the purity of the home and the sanctity of the altar."

The Latest Shakespeare

Lord Rutland est Shakespeare. Le plus grand des Mystères dévoilé. Shaxper de Stratford hors cause.
By CELESTIN DEMBLON. With Portrait. (Paul Ferdinand, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

A BOMB-SHELL has fallen into the midst of the battle where Baconians and Stratfordians still aim their lethal bullets above each others' heads: whether it will explode and annihilate both of the contending forces

is a problem that depends on the qualities of the mechanism. In any case, the intervention is, to say the least, unexpected, and M. Demblon, as he contemplates the scene from his critical airship, may at least enjoy the satisfaction of having drawn the gaze of each mortal enemy away from his cherished antagonist, and to have fixed it for one bewildered moment on high. There is a half-parallel in the notorious affair of Messrs. Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

This is not the time to attempt to confirm or demolish the theory of M. Demblon. It consists of two propositions—that Shaxper of Stratford was not the author of the plays, and that Roger Manners, Lord Rutland, was. The former proposition, to which the present volume is chiefly devoted, does not wield the seduction of novelty; it has helped for nearly two generations to destroy the mental peace both of the just and of the unjust. A few ball-cartridges and "an intolerable deal of" blank—that is a rough summary of the controversy. Scholars, lawyers, pedants, and ignoramuses have jostled together in the dust of a conflict that shows no sign of ending. Questions of authority seem to be tacitly waived, and every opinion, if urged with some show of earnestness, is as good as another. We do not think that M. Demblon has added much to the anti-Stratfordian argument, except a good deal of heat, some misplaced sarcasms, and a display of miscellaneous learning. The justification may be that his first volume is intended as the blast of the horn that is to prelude the entry of the second, the essential volume, into the arena. The Rutlandian portion of the present book is hardly "grand'chose." Rutland is sufficiently unaccounted for to be a plausible competitor; he emerges upon the scene of history at some rather significant moments; he was addicted to falconry. Above all, a document establishes the payment by him of sums for "semi-professional" services to William Shakespeare.

But Rutland is not the hero of the book before us; all we have as yet is "Paradise Lost," as far as Shaxper is concerned; we understand, though, that the volume that is to serve as the "Paradise Regained" of Lord Rutland has nothing to wait for but publication. Till then we must reserve our plaudits or our hisses. Only one word of caution will we allow ourselves. This theory is the theory of a foreigner; he is dealing with what is largely a linguistic problem, and a linguistic problem that does not belong, like Homer, to the other end of the centuries. The language of the author of Shakespeare is the language, only modified, of modern England and New England. The foreigner, however well equipped, starts at a disadvantage, and M. Demblon, who presents the not very relevant qualifications of Belgian deputy and Professor of French Literature, is too self-satisfied to be immediately convincing. It is a challenge, no doubt; if so, he must be prepared to maintain his lofty words with deeds and facts. And, *en attendant*, he would do well to revise his text rather carefully, at least in the early chapters of the present work, where English words or quotations are in question.

Trouvere and Troubadour

Fires. Book II: The Ovens, and Other Tales. Book III: The Hare, and Other Tales. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net each.)
Poems of Love and Earth. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

MR. GIBSON carries on his later tradition in these two little volumes, which complete the trilogy of "Fires." It seems long now—though it is really only a very few years—since he sang defensively—

... of queens and kings
 And lovers crowned with gold,
 Who loved in days of old.

Now his song is of the toilers who on the instant edge of time love and dream and suffer. The troubadour has become *trouvère*, that is what it amounts to; and these later poems might be called the twentieth century *chansons de geste*—only they are the *gestes* not of queens and kings, but of common men. We do not think we have lost anything by the transition. The song of "The Web of Life" was very charming, and we do not despise it, even now; but the song of "Bread" and "Fires" is tuned to a higher scale. It is a true advance both because of what Mr. Gibson has gained and because of what he has deliberately discarded. To adapt a now notorious dictum which Mr. Chesterton applied to Browning, he goes into the meanest of human haunts and publicly accuses men of romance. And so imbued is he with a conviction of the intrinsic poetry of what he finds that he will have it speak for itself, innocent of all tricking and trapping of phrase or verbal preciousness. The absence of these familiar embellishments is apt to produce some hesitation in the mind of those who are not accustomed to the naked spirit of the Muse; but the great essentials in these poems respond immediately to critical enquiry. The whole conception of such examples as, for instance, "The Dancing Seal" and "The Hare," belongs emphatically to poetry. A poet's vision illumines them and a poet's emotion carries them along.

There is the stamp of maturity on the work of these two volumes. It is sincere, lofty, convinced and convincing. What sureness of touch there is in "The Crane," in "Red Fox," in "The Ovens"—where as swift as vision itself past, present, and future, are comprehended in two or three lines, from the den of infamy until:—

... shuddering back from that foul place
 And turning from the ovens' glare,
 He looked into her dreaming face;
 And saw green, sunlit woodlands there,
 And waters flashing in between
 Low-drooping boughs of summer green.

What breath of an air unbreathed filters through "The Lilac Tree" and "Devil's Edge," and how acutely one realises at the end what a grip the spirit of the verse has had on mind and heart! Mr. Gibson has accomplished in the short series here completed what we are inclined to think will be regarded by and by

as one of the most notable poetical performances of our time.

Mr. John Drinkwater is still troubadour, yet he has much of the poetic quality of the earlier Mr. Gibson, with promise of the distinguished *trouvère* if ever it shall please him to assume that rôle. There is a similar economy of phrase, a reliance on the intrinsic emotional values of his themes. It is limpid, spontaneous song all through. The essential difference will be demonstrated by quoting a single stanza:—

Surely God laughs a little when he hears
 The wind spun into music on the crest
 Of hills that change not with the changing years—
 I know He laughs, for laughter likes Him best.

Those lines are typical in many ways. Mr. Drinkwater's God is too purely a God of laughter, lingering in the clean sunny spaces. Perhaps the poet will yet discover him weeping in some dark, cheerless alley—and smiling again through His tears; and so learn the mystic secret of the rainbow. That seems to us to be the truth about Mr. Gibson's transition. And his discovery of divine romance lying hid in waste places has chastened his Muse's fire and given his verse a new and compelling austerity.

For the Flock Master

The Sheep and its Cousins. By R. LYDEKKER, F.R.S.
 Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. LYDEKKER, whose museum knowledge of mammals is encyclopædic, has already published large and important works on this group, and to these the present unpretentious volume must, in one respect, be regarded as supplementary. Indeed, if he had omitted the "cousins" and confined his remarks to the domestic breeds, his book would have been deserving of even greater praise, since the main theme, which is an unusually full account of domestic breeds all the world over, would not then have been padded with two or three lean chapters which give at best a sketchy account of Asiatic wild sheep, of the aberrant Barbary "aoudad" and Tibetan "burrhel," and of half a dozen extinct Pleistocene forms which, on the author's own showing, have nothing to do with the case. This arrangement would also have avoided a misprint which now mars the last page of the book.

In the matter of domestic breeds, however, Mr. Lydekker proves a thorough, reliable, and entertaining guide. This editing of sheep and cattle has produced extraordinary types of what the Germans call "house animals," and Mr. Lydekker is justified in his rebuke of those naturalists who affect to despise the study of them, since it is of immeasurable importance in a wider knowledge of all that is meant, or that may be meant, by the origin of species. The author claims that this account of these tame sheep is unique, and, so far as we can recall other publications on the subject, his claim seems justified. Here, with photographs, is a mass of

information on every breed of importance, including the hardy Herdwick of the Cumbrian Fells, the small and sturdy black-faced Highland type, the white-faced Cheviot, the long-legged Norfolk, as well as Spanish Merinos and Manchegas, the spiral-horned Macedonian and Wallachian type, the fat-rumped sheep of Somaliland and the Hejaz, the lop-eared breeds of Guinea and the Congo, with other kinds too numerous to mention. Of peculiar interest is the history of Spanish Merinos introduced into South America. Speaking generally, these have deteriorated in quality, while in the unfavourable climate of Paraguay the once great flocks have also dwindled in numbers. In Chile and Peru it is the curious fact that, whereas the ewes remain hornless, the rams tend to develop an abnormal number of horns, up to six or seven in number. On the pastures of Australia the Merino has always predominated; but, on the other hand, New Zealand farmers have had their greatest successes with the old Romney Marsh breed. Domestic sheep have been taken from their original home in Europe to Africa, America, and the Antipodes, and only a few regions have, like the Malay Peninsula, proved unsuitable to these Alpine animals, which cannot thrive in flat jungle-land.

Unfortunately, even Mr. Lydekker can do nothing to clear up the mystery which surrounds the original domestication of the sheep. We know of its antiquity as farm stock from the Book of Genesis; we know, also, that the Bible draws a sharp moral distinction between sheep and goats; but whether our own sheep are European or Asiatic, or both, we have no satisfactory evidence. All that can safely be surmised is a dual origin, since it seems not unlikely that, whereas the predecessors of the Swiss Lake Dwellers brought their sheep from Western Asia, the European moufflon, which, though to-day restricted to some Mediterranean islands, once ranged over the mainland, may also have been tamed. And that is as far as Mr. Lydekker, or anyone else, can take us.

Sudermann's One-Act Plays

Morituri; Roses. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. each net.)

HERMANN SUDERMANN'S one-act plays have been issued in an English translation at the moment when the one-act play happens to be the London theatrical fashion. This form is an exceedingly suitable vehicle for the representation of a tense situation or of an emotional tragedy, since, by reason of concentration, the vividness and terribleness of the action becomes the more sharply defined. The English theatre, however, has allowed it to degenerate into the slight and farcical comedy intended to amuse the audience and to serve as an appetiser for the sterner fare to follow. In this way the "curtain-raiser" has performed a very useful function in the theatre.

Sudermann, with his perfect theatrical equipment, suggests to us how dramatists have in the past neglected

the possibilities of the short play. Unfortunately, he has not succeeded in showing us more than the possibilities. The thorough handling of a psychological tragedy and the sufficient presentation and portrayal of character are beyond him. Here, as in "Magda," is the brilliance of dialogue, the geniality and refinement of touch, the cleverness and the knowledge of stagecraft; but his characters are creations of the brain, made in that Sudermann workshop into which the outside world has never entered. The problems of his plays concern soulless people, and the intellectual tragedy disappears in a cloud of sickly sentiment. How can such creatures participate in romances? They are the personification of small talk, small thought, and small imagination. In "Streaks of Light" ("Die Lichtbänder"), from the volume called "Roses," when the wife has sinned and then melodramatically asks for punishment, Herr Wittich in his madness replies: "Yes, they always talk like that—in books, at least." And in reading these volumes the feeling is forced upon us that perhaps Sudermann is joking. But why should he joke for ever? A dramatic genius of his calibre might be expected to create a *magnum opus*. Yet he has never presented the world with the characterisation of a living personality—"Magda" lacks the necessary compelling force—nor do his characters utter more than common-places.

In the earlier volume, "Morituri" (published in 1897), Sudermann does indeed appear to be searching for greater things. "Teja," a drama of the Goths, cleverly reconstructs the brave attitude of the young king, who, after ascending a tottering throne, sacrifices his own life and his men's lives rather than surrender to his enemies. But the king's love is only for his military honour; we feel that there is no sacrifice of wife-love. "Fritzchen" is the simple story of a young officer in the German army who is forced to die in a duel (a favourite subject of Sudermann's), because the husband of his mistress "whipped him—across the courtyard—out into the street—whipped him like a beast." The pathos is partially obscured by the stiffness of the dialogue. "The Eternal Masculine" ("Das Ewig-Männliche") is a witty rendering of a puppet drama. In each of these plays legitimate excuse may be found for the imperfections of the dramatist because of his difficult situations.

But in "Rosen," published after an interval of ten years, the true Sudermann manner is thoroughly exhibited. The volume may be considered as the culmination of his dramatic method. Unhappy and faithless women are the subjects of the three opening plays. In "Streaks of Light" a faithless wife is murdered by her frenzied husband; "Margot" recounts the story of the young girl "with a secret" who feels that the hand of every man must be against her; and "The Last Visit" ("Der Letzte Besuch") portrays a veiled lady—married, of course—who meets the simple serving-maid at the coffin of the murdered captain. "The Far-Away Princess" ("Die Ferne Prinzessin") deals with an idea of real beauty and quaint simplicity, and represents a moment in the lives of a poor art-student and a little

princess. This play stands out in bright relief against the aristocratic sordidness of the previous plays.

The translation of "Morituri" by Mr. Archibald Alexander is oftentimes laborious and lifeless, but Miss Grace Frank in "Roses" has been more successful, though expressions like "inestimable pulchritude" and "pestiferously hot" can scarcely be used in dramatic art. The versions are of American origin.

Le Sapin du Trône

Ecrits de Musiciens (XV^e—XVIII^e Siècles). By J. G. PROD'HOMME. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

"OH, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!" Browning understood a good deal about ancient music and musicians. In the times of the Renaissance, and for many a long day afterwards, the chief study of the musician was his patrons; necessary to his existence, they were approached with fear, humility, and hypocrisy; once gained, they were treated according to all the artist's varying moods, and were flattered, cozened, and insulted with bewildering impartiality. Galuppi's patrons need not have been very obtuse; the message of music is more than ambiguous, and the critic of the *Daily News* who declared that it shocked him to see Anglican clergymen drinking in, without a blush and without a protest, the obscene melodies of M. Debussy's "Après-midi d'un Faune" is merely an object of wonder to us. But the message of the musician, when it takes the form of literature, is wholly unequivocal. Here is Palestrina, for instance, in M. Prod'homme's book, writing to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este that he has never written a light song, and, in a dedication to Pope Gregory XIII, vowing that he will never do it again; for the truth is that he has sometimes composed profane and unedifying music, and at the thought he says, "je rougis et je m'afflige aujourd'hui." Tomas Luiz de Victoria, too, takes a high view of his vocation; if he buried his talent, he would be an unfaithful servant, "frustrant le maître du fruit qu'il attend justement." Roland de Lassus, on the other hand, supplies an excellent instance of the *sans-gêne* of the musician who knows himself to be indispensable. To his patron, the Duke of Bavaria, he writes in a facetious jargon of five or six languages, which must have taken hours to decipher; he wishes him an early arrival in Paradise, "ayant ferme espérance que estans la trouuerons assez de quoj passer le temps."

The interest of the documents contained in this book is very uneven: some of the greatest names only serve as headings to monetary squabbles and the like trivialities. Thus Lully's letters, Handel's, and even Bach's are rather disappointing, though the postscript to a letter of the last-named master, thanking for a present of wine that had arrived seriously reduced in quantity indicates a pretty sense of humour—"Au cas où mon cher cousin aurait l'intention de m'offrir encore de la même liqueur, je le prie de n'en rien faire, car j'ai dû

payer pour le transport 16 groschen; à l'expéditeur 2 groschen," etc., etc., "ce qui rend ce cadeau trop coûteux." The sections dealing with Rameau and Monteverdi, with the author's notes, are particularly interesting; and so are the satirical extracts from Marcello; but best of all is the Gluck correspondence, with the magnificently ironical letter to La Harpe. For once music held her own in a fight with literature, fought, as all such combats must always be fought, with the enemy's weapons.

In Search of a Pedigree

Le Molière du XX^e Siècle: Bernard Shaw. By AUGUSTIN HAMON. With Four Portraits. (Figuière, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

MR. SHAW seems to be getting a French reputation *malgré lui*. M. Cestre has just written about him, M. Faguet has commented on M. Cestre, and here we have M. Hamon burning incense before the Shavian Shrine with such recklessness that the Temple of Fame is in serious danger of catching fire. We have not read M. Cestre, but we have read M. Faguet's criticism of him, and we should say that, with all its coolness, the latter is more likely to do Mr. Shaw good, in various senses of the expression, than all M. Hamon's pæans and commentaries. M. Faguet admires Mr. Shaw—who does not?—but he has a very paternal way with him in exposing the youthfulness of paradox, and he gives several good reasons why Mr. Shaw is not going to conquer Paris. The chief of these reasons is that he is too English; M. Hamon thinks he will eventually be adopted, as being "le moins anglais de tous les génies" of Great Britain. These two judgments offer a certain discrepancy; we wonder which of them their object would prefer—probably the second, which contains at least one redeeming word. M. Faguet is guilty of one piece of carelessness, that amounts almost to brutality, with regard to Mr. Shaw. He says "on parle peu de lui" (!), and then proceeds to his belated explanation—"parce qu'on ne sait pas comment il faut prononcer son nom." He should have given the reason first.

M. Hamon has made a very thorough and conscientious study of his idol; one instance that will bring it home to everyone—the conclusion with which he heads his last chapter—is this: "Le théâtre de Shaw est essentiellement comique." Now, it must have been a proud moment for M. Hamon when he found himself able honestly to write down this judgment; he had only arrived at it by months of hard study and anxious meditation. For, at the first production in Paris of "Candida," he was astonished and annoyed to find that the audience laughed. Till then it had never occurred to him that Mr. Shaw was funny; now he knows, and, as we have suggested, it is a proud thought for him. Up till then he had only known the Fabian, the man who has moulded modern Socialism in many lands; now he knows that his guide, philosopher, and friend

is, to quote M. Faguet, "le plus grand satirique, à l'heure actuelle, des deux mondes." M. Faguet, it is true, adds, or rather remarks, by way of prelude, "Cet homme, à mon avis, n'est rien qu'un satirique," and, if he was present at the first performance of "Candida," he was probably astonished to find any of the audience looking serious and intellectual. But, then, M. Faguet is a brother of the brush: the expert of irony is probably jealous of the expert of paradox.

M. Hamon has compiled a very solid and careful work. We must remember, in the first place, that he is introducing Mr. Shaw to the French public, and the long analyses of plays that are *de rigueur* in critical works on foreign authors may correspond to a demand. We must also remember that his idol is also his personal friend, and that his enthusiasm thus flows from a double and infinitely respectable source. We much prefer him to the unattached critic of forgotten foreign authors: the "lues Boswelliana" is a disease, body-snatching is a crime or something of the sort. But we think that he carries his admiration too far; as in the case of Mr. Shaw's humour, so in many other matters he seems to have gained his opinions at second-hand, and his legend of a quasi-omniscient being seems to us to be constructed of rather unsatisfactory materials. One thing that he points out is certain; Mr. Shaw has a genuine passion for justice, and to specialise in a virtue of this sort carries a man far.

Another legend of M. Hamon's is the unrecognised genius. Mr. Shaw "arrived" comparatively quickly and very completely. The Shavian sect, to whom, by the way, M. Hamon is not always as polite as we should have expected, were soon forced to jostle with a Philistine crowd, and have probably long slunk away in quest of some less popular shrine. Mr. Shaw commands the easy laugh; intellectuality must seek its uneasy banquets elsewhere. The title of this book suggests a puzzle. The comparison with Molière is an obvious one. Doctors—children or servants revealing the truth that is hidden from the wise and prudent—hypocrites—all these occur in Molière and Mr. Shaw. But so they do in almost every satirist. Second thoughts militate against the comparison. M. Hamon, however, develops it well; some of his points are mere "rivers in Macedon," but others are good and valid. The tendency to farce is certainly common to the two authors—possibly to a good many others; the lack of a dénouement is a bond; both are "écoles d'irrespect." They both disbelieve in angels and devils; but not always—Molière has many wholly antipathetic characters, while Mr. Shaw has heroes who appear to possess neither virtues nor vices, and belong presumably, therefore, to a different order of beings.

M. Hamon's work is addressed to his compatriots, and much of our criticism is possibly out of place. But from the Old Testament and from Carlyle we have learnt a certain dislike of idolatry, and passages in this book have fomented this sentiment. We hold no brief for the dramatic tradition of "les Scribe" (or the Pharisees, for that matter), but we are bitterly opposed to

the unreasoning cult of modernity as such. For the rest, M. Hamon has many sound intuitions, and often expresses them in arresting phrases. His defence of "l'action intellectuelle" as opposed to action in the vulgar sense is convincing; here, at any rate, are the elements of an understanding between Molière and Mr. Shaw. On the whole, we should not be giving a bad summary of the book if we said that it is wrong-headed but right-hearted. Mr. Chesterton's book on the same subject would be a good corrective.

The Congo Territories

Dawn in Darkest Africa. By J. H. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.
With an Introduction by the EARL OF CROMER.
Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

WEST AFRICA has never been a very attractive part of the world, chiefly on account of climatic considerations, but at any time it may produce large questions for national or international treatment. The best and latest information about the region is essential to the public as well as to politicians. Mr. Harris's book is therefore very welcome as the contribution of an expert.

As the organising secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, he, accompanied by his wife, visited West Africa last year for the Society, in conjunction with some of the principal newspapers, for the purpose of studying social and labour conditions in West Central Africa, particularly in the Congo basin. In this book, full of information locally gathered, he dwells upon the rapid changes through which West Africa is passing; before the changes come, "it behoves us to examine closely the great problems before us—the problems of future political divisions, problems of labour, and of education in the largest and fullest sense—and so to readjust our conceptions and laws with an understanding of the natives as may save ourselves from repeating the blunders of the past; blunders which have indelibly stained for time and eternity the escutcheon of Christian Europe; blunders for which recompense can never be adequately made, but which at least should serve as a warning for the future." In carrying out his examination, Mr. Harris writes with perfect freedom, sparing nobody, and the value of his work is greatly enhanced by the able introduction in which Lord Cromer has practically reviewed it and stated his own opinions upon the prominent points. Mr. Harris has divided his book into four parts, though it is hardly possible to treat all the questions arising in connection with the Congo basin and the Colonies of the Gulf of Guinea in water-tight compartments.

In this method he describes the individual natives, their customs and occupations; then their relations with civilisation and public matters; after which the subject of labour is separately treated; and finally, under the text of moral and material progress, he tells of the principal staples, the production of the oil-palm, rubber, and cocoa, and the progress of Christian missions. As a former missionary and possessed of

commercial experience, he is better qualified to probe the facts and to give an opinion than an official or ordinary visitor would be; it is rather when he leaves the observation of facts and indulges in speculative views that other people will be unwilling to accept his conclusions. He clearly states that much immorality is prevalent in Western Africa, whether under the name of domestic slavery or otherwise; among the natives polygamy is rife, both voluntary and by inheritance, and the Christian Church finds in polygamy a problem which at present defies solution, and surrenders to Mohammedanism a potent factor in the propagation of its beliefs. It is shocking to read: "The truth is that in the greater part of West Africa neither monogamy nor polygamy is the prevailing relationship between man and woman," and that under the regime of the late King Leopold a veritable avalanche of filth and immorality overwhelmed the Congo tribes. Nor is this all. Mr. Harris estimates that more than twelve millions of people perished in the Belgian Congo under King Leopold's regime. Every town has lost over 75 per cent. of its inhabitants within the last three decades. Nor was that regime economically successful. For nearly twenty-five years the Congo territories have suffered from uncontrolled exploitation; the rubber vines have been hacked to pieces, destroyed, and no real attempt at reproduction has been made; the ruthless exploitation of rubber had its counterpart in the wanton destruction of elephants in order to obtain rapidly every tusk of ivory.

There are other possible products, gum, copal, and palm oil, but the Belgians think of nothing but rubber, although concentration on cocoa might save the situation for them. Mr. Harris gives his opinion that the Congo will require from Belgium at the very least a million pounds sterling per annum for twenty years, and the question is whether the nation will care to afford the sum. He considers the British administration the best in Western Africa, as it aims at working through the indigenous natives and educating them—not only in literature—but he does not hesitate to comment on the gulf between the officials and the merchants, the exclusion of coloured men from the medical service, and the treatment of African youths. The native proverb, "The Englishman never lies," is a tribute to the British character. For the German system he has no admiration, though the Germans are liberal in some respects; what he has seen of German colonial methods does not impress him that their occupation is far removed from a sort of military despotism. The slavery, proved and acknowledged to exist in the Portuguese territories, especially on the islands, is a blot and blunder which cannot stand investigation; it must be terminated if Portugal desires to continue her alliance with Great Britain. The kindly nature of the Portuguese cannot be accepted as an excuse for the maintenance of slavery in this century. For the French Congo administration Mr. Harris has not a good word to say, and it is noticeable that Lord Cromer abstains from commenting on it, except to intimate that the British cannot interfere. In

their Colonies the French object to the presence of other nationalities, while their administration is oppressive to the natives. Mr. Harris has decided opinions on such questions as race prejudice, the demand for labour and its supply, sleeping sickness, the 'slaves' pathetic desire for liberty and repatriation, the prospects of various products of the country, to which only allusion is here possible. His main suggestion that France and Belgium together should, in a spirit of generosity, transfer the whole or the greater part of French and Belgian Congo to Germany for adequate consideration reads like the dream of an idealist, and cannot come within the range of practical politics. It is astonishing that it should be thought worth putting on paper: it is below the standard of Mr. Harris's illuminating work, which will go far to inform the world of the state of things in Western Africa, and especially in the colonies for which Great Britain is directly or indirectly responsible.

Shorter Reviews

The American Diary of a Japanese Girl. By YONE NOGUCHI. Frontispiece by YEIHO HIRESAKI. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

"POEM manufacture is a slow job. Modern people slight it, calling it an old fashion. Shall I give it up for some more brilliant up-to-date pose?" So writes Mr. Yone Noguchi in Miss Morning Glory's most diverting diary. We were almost afraid that Mr. Noguchi had left his poetry behind him, and yielded, judging from the rather clumsy title, to a form of clap-trap on a level with the publication of imaginary love-letters, bound in parchment and tied with ribbon. Though this little volume is a long way behind "The Pilgrimage" or "From the Eastern Sea" in point of sheer beauty, it is decidedly clever. Much of Miss Morning Glory's diary seems to sing—it is so joyous, so quaint, so droll, so irresistible. The most delightful pages are devoted to the Poet of Willow Cottage, but there is a good deal of satire behind the rollicking fun. One day this fascinating little bundle of whimsical ways discovers a scholarly squirrel, and writes his diary as well as her own. Concerning a negro's voice, she observes: "Who could imagine that such a silvery sound could come from such a midnight face?" That she is apt, humorous, and observant will be found in the following: "In the park I noticed a lady who scissored the 'don't touch' flowers, and stepped away with a saintly air. The comical fancy came to me that she was the mother of a policeman guarding against intruders." More than once Morning Glory laughs in her sleeve—the big Japanese sleeve where there is so much room for laughter—at "Meriken" people and "Meriken" ways; but, nevertheless, we fancy that she will win a host of admirers. "R. L. S." would have appreciated Mr. Noguchi's felicity of expression. He takes little commonplace words, and, with a magic all his own, makes them yield up a very pleasing surprise—and Miss Morning Glory.

Samphire. By LADY SYBIL GRANT. (Stanley Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SAMPHIRE" is a volume of some two dozen light and short sketches, sometimes skits, written in charming and amusing vein, well fitted to while away an hour that would otherwise be tedious. Lady Sybil Grant, in the course of these pages, touches often on the weaknesses and also on some of the shortcomings of her sex. One of these shortcomings, lack of humour, she shows by her own writings not to be universal, even if it be widespread. The pretty gift of satire which she also displays to such good purpose proves that another of her unwounding strictures is not of universal application. Turning the pages at random, one may alight on the chapter devoted to "A Clever Woman." This person Lady Sybil describes as "without form and void, for her chief characteristics were absence of figure and emptiness of mind." The writer continues not unsagely: "An impressive and sagacious silence had gained for her the spurious reputation to which she very naturally attached great value: since it brought her endless invitations all the year round." Then there is the "Thoughtful Student." But Lady Sybil continues: "I have always found her so eloquent that I cannot imagine when she found time for thoughtful study, unless she should be a sufferer from chronic insomnia."

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Variorum Edition. General Editor, A. H. BULLEN. Vol. IV. (G. Bell and Sons and A. H. Bullen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS masterly edition of Beaumont and Fletcher answers one of the most fervent prayers of scholars and students. It may be assumed that both these categories have considerably increased since the Baconian trumpet began to multiply the echoes of the literary arena. "Pylades and Orestes"—though, by the way, critics do not allow much to Beaumont in the present volume, where Fletcher is in command, with Massinger and the shadowy inseparable as humble lieutenants—are as necessary to the study of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan literature in general as to that of the Baconian or anti-William controversy in particular. The edition, we have said, is masterly. The slight critical notes are as full as they can or need be, and tell us all the positive facts that we are at present entitled to. It must be remembered that Beaumont and Fletcher hide in a darkness to which the shadows of Stratford are as noonday. The text is everything that it claims to be. The plays embraced by the present volume are the two sanguinary tragedies, "Valentinian" and "The False One," and the comedies, "Monsieur Thomas," "The Chances," and "The Little French Lawyer."

Pentateuchal Studies. By HAROLD M. WIENER, M.A., LL.B (Elliot Stock. 6s. net.)

MR. WIENER had already before the publication of this volume secured for himself a well-deserved position among the best qualified of the English-speaking

Biblical critics of the orthodox school, and the reputation which he has attained will be enhanced by the present work. This is, in fact, a sequel to his "Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism." The greater part of the present work has already appeared in periodicals in the United States, where Mr. Wiener holds a considerable reputation as a Biblical scholar. Mr. Wiener is essentially a controversialist. He deals out many a hard knock to his opponents, the higher critics, and they on their part cannot with intellectual comfort ignore the arguments with which he essays to demolish their theories.

The Old Gardens of Italy; How to Visit Them. By Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

STUDENTS of gardening and garden-lovers should be much indebted to the author of this small guide-book to the famous gardens of Italy. Indeed, we are scarcely just in describing the work as a guide-book, for it is something very much more. The introduction contains valuable suggestions as to the limits of imitation of the Italian style, and draws attention to the careful planning of the best Italian gardens, whereby the essential unity of the house and garden may be secured. It is only of recent years that garden-designers have realised the advisability of a gradual transition from the formality of buildings to the full freedom of wild-garden or park. There is a very large number of illustrations taken from the author's own photographs, and a short history of each of the gardens is given. A useful bibliography is appended. It is a sad and regrettable fact that "there are none that lay out so much wealth all at once as the Italians on their palaces and gardens, and that afterwards bestow so little on preserving of them." May the same fate never befall the many beautiful formal gardens laid out during recent years in various parts of this country.

Mary the Mother of Jesus. An Essay by ALICE MEYNELL. Illustrated. (Lee Warner. 16s. net.)

The Story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. By WILLIAM CANTON. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s. net.)

The Star Dream. By ELLEN M. DOBINSON. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. 6d. net.)

IN a very earnest and scholarly essay Miss Alice Meynell sets forth the life of Mary of Nazareth, taking the Gospel narratives and tradition to aid her in her task. The author points out the very great homage that was paid to the Virgin by the early Church, and the influence this holy figure has had upon the thoughts and feelings of mankind through many generations. She refers to the time when "images were read for many ages, day by day, by the bookless," and shows what architecture, painting, sculpture, and literature, owe to the Mother of Jesus. The illustrations, by R. Anning Bell, are very beautiful in colour, and add much to the value of the book.

The sad story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary is well told by Mr. William Canton, and, although legend has

had a great deal to do with the life of this young Princess, it has added to rather than detracted from the interest of the narrative.

In "The Star Dream" Miss Dobinson retells in simple form the story of Pharaoh and his dreams. The book will be found to be of great use to teachers and others who like to have the Bible stories before them in the English of the present day rather than in the more beautiful form of the authorised version.

Masterpieces of Music. Edited by E. HATZFIELD. Illustrated: *Haydn.* By SIR FREDERIC COWEN. *Brahms.* By SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD. *Rossini.* By SIR FREDERIC COWEN. *Schubert.* By GEORGE H. CLUTSAM. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.)

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK have issued in good time for the holiday season four more of their series of books dealing with musicians and some of their principal works. This time Haydn, Brahms, Rossini, and Schubert have the attention of those to whom has been entrusted the task of writing the essay and making the selections of the various compositions. The books in every way equal those already on the market, and should have a ready sale. We hope that Sir Arthur Sullivan will not be overlooked when further volumes are contemplated.

Fiction

John, Jonathan and Company. By JAMES MILNE. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

OF actualities, Jonathan bulks most largely in this collection; the author takes a sane, though rather sentimental view of the United States, and one quotation which he makes—"My husband's safe; I'm the proposition"—from a conversation with a young American wife, embodies his view of the nation. We are fain to confess that it is an admirably just view, and the sentence is worth memorising as descriptive of the United States as a whole.

The French-Canadian also comes in for breezy criticism, but he, like all others whom these pages concern, may read the criticism with profit rather than pain, for the author writes in a broad-minded, friendly spirit, and wounds none of the objects of his wandering observations—he is careful, even, lest he should speak hardly of inanimate things. Summing up his work at the end, we find that he deals less with actualities than with principles, less with men than with abstract thoughts; the tour that he took provided food for meditation, and—he meditated on paper. Though once or twice we find him prosy, for the most part we find his rambling essays good to read; there is in them so much that is vigorous and healthy, and so little of modern neuritis. He tells us much of a voyage, some of the United States, a little of Canada, but most of all he tells us of himself, and that self is worth knowing.

The White Knights. By T. G. WAKELING. (John Murray. 6s.)

AN English doctor married the daughter of a Bedouin sheik, helped his father-in-law to organise the men of the tribe on ultra-scientific military lines, and, when the day of trial with an enemy came, had the satisfaction of seeing that his system of organisation was successful. Two small, pale love stories are intervoven with the main theme, everybody is very virtuous and extremely respectable, and at the end we imagine two Anglo-Bedouin families living happy ever after. It is good stuff for schoolboys, for the Great Moral Lesson—with very large capitals—is fully apparent throughout; but to one who knows a little of the desert Arab and his ways, it is terribly unconvincing. And, since it is set in quite modern times, how did Maxim guns get into the hands of a Bedouin tribe—is the British administration of Egypt *quite* inefficient? The "White Knights," who are made up of all the male and some of the female youth of the tribe, have a passion for saluting on all possible and impossible occasions; they are a little better than the best British troops—perhaps more than a little—and there is not a single villain or adventuress amid the throng. Unrelieved virtue grows rather cloying before we have perused half the story, and we would that the author had given us at least a spice of wickedness, to enliven the pages of what has proved a rather prosy book.

The Grip of Life. By A. and E. CASTLE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THE wit which made Bellairs incomparable is absent here, for this book deals with deeper matters, telling how Ughtred Maxwell, scholar and dreamer, succeeded unexpectedly to a title and a fortune, and was gripped by life against his own desire. The intricate plot of the book is too full to be detailed here, even if it were fair to give away the story by means of a précis, but it may be said that the ingenuity which characterises former books by these authors is fully manifested in this story, which deals intimately with the psychological development of Maxwell, together with that of two women. Of these two Aglaé, the "spiritual vampire," as she is designated, first holds him, and then in spite of himself Aglaé's niece rescues him. His arrival at full consciousness of himself is well and finely told, and forms a fitting climax. The most notable part of the book, however, is that which tells of Aglaé's machinations. Although not a common type, she is yet real and convincing; most men have met her at some time or other, and not a few have suffered at the hands of her who "will take all and give nothing," who exacts absolute, unquestioning service and makes no return—drains life away, as it were, and gives no compensation.

Readers may possibly find the first two or three chapters rather dull, for the story opens slowly, and, throughout the book, Ughtred's letters to John Gordon, in which parts of the plot are told, are a trifle irritating, for to a certain extent they break the continuity of the

work. We feel that it had been better if the story had been told directly from beginning to end. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the book as a whole is fresh and arresting, and, once fairly started, difficult to lay aside until finished.

Bunch Grass. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (John Murray. 6s.)

SHORT stories customarily come to an exasperatingly abrupt conclusion just when one's interest in them has been thoroughly aroused. In "Bunch Grass" this defect is partially overcome by a thread of continuity running through the stories. The latter depict the experiences of two English brothers upon a Californian cattle ranch some thirty years ago. They are pleasant tales, well told, and so far as one is able to judge, true to life.

The brothers beheld a new country in the making, and the passing of the pioneer who settled vital differences with a pistol. Outlaws ranged at large in the country spoken of as San Lorenzo. Stage coaches were robbed frequently; and every large rancher suffered more or less at the hands of cattle and horse thieves. In Mr. Vachell's pages such personages as Frank James, Judge Lynch and Black Bart live again. In conclusion we may express the hope that the author's repertory has not been exhausted by this volume.

The Theatre

"The Tide" at the Queen's Theatre

ALL those interested in the art of the theatre should see this production. There is a note of high endeavour about Miss Warwick's management which is very attractive, an attempt to leave behind the commonplace and out-worn rubbish of stage affairs. Her "Sylvia Greer" evidently did not conquer the great heart of the playgoer, and no doubt "The Tide" may fail to prove so welcome as are many machine-made, conventionally acted pieces of work. Artistically, that does not matter, and the new comedy, although often weak and wild and unbalanced, is well worth the notice of every student of the stage.

But for the curious unevenness of "Love—and What Then," one should have been slow to credit the writer of "The New Sin" with the inclination to offer so crowded and yet incomplete a work to the public. But the manner of Mr. Macdonald Hastings appears to have changed. He now uses a large and loose and original method as little like the concise workmanship of his first play as it is possible to conceive. His brain teems with mighty issues and vague pictures of, say, the spirit of the sea and the soul of man, but he does not concentrate his inspirations. It would seem as though he said within himself, "Here you will find rich stores of ideas, a crowd

of vivid characters, some modern views, a few, a very few, witty lines; all the rest I can fairly leave to the audience and the actors." Perhaps the common run of playgoer—those who make the fortunes of a theatre—will not take the trouble to follow this work of Mr. Hastings with sufficient care really to enjoy those beauties which he himself doubtless knows so well. But it is true that the actors at the Queen's use all their strength to create an atmosphere of reality out of the occasionally amorphous work given into their hands.

Felicity Scarth is a woman of thirty-four, who has, from her earliest days, loved to be loved; without marriage, while her parents were alive, she had a child which was taken from her and hidden from the world. Later she inherits a fortune and dissipates her life in every possible way, so that she may forget her loss and her passion for maternity. When the play opens she has become a physical derelict and tries to kill herself in a London hotel. Miss Warwick gives us a very complete and sustained picture of this complicated woman. She avoids all conventions of voice, manner, or movement. Her tears, which others might make so theatrically effective in an old-fashioned way, are reduced by her to something like the snuffle of a real woman. Again and again she will disappoint the conventionalist and delight the others by her skilful avoidance of the beaten track of heroines. When Felicity is discovered fainting in her room, the hotel people call Dr. Stratton to her aid. Mr. Norman Trevor shows us as remarkable a man as Felicity is a woman. As a specialist in regard to nervous diseases in women he has made a fortune at forty years of age. That is strange, when one remembers the rentals Harley Street way, but far less likely things remain behind. Dr. Stratton soon shows that—notwithstanding his vast experience among women of the same type—he loves Felicity, and that he can make her do that which he thinks best for her. Firstly, he does in a day or two the thing Felicity has failed in doing for years—he discovers that her child is known as Maisie Bretherton, and is with the lady who is supposed to be her mother at a village in Guernsey. Next, Stratton sends Felicity there, so that she may "get back to nature" and taste "sea-wrack," renew her youth, and unknowingly learn to know the daughter she has longed for so passionately. Miss Martin Harvey gives us a cleverly unsympathetic Maisie, and Miss Cicely Hamilton plays the part of Mrs. Bretherton with a degree of reticence, pathos, and power very unusual on our stage. The second act shows us Felicity beloved by Car Whithair (Mr. Breon), who is engaged to Maisie.

Eighteen months later the doctor comes to visit his patient. He has cured her body, but the attitude of the daughter—when the secret is made known to her—is breaking her heart. There is a fine and quiet scene between Mrs. Bretherton and Felicity, in which both Miss Warwick and Miss Hamilton are at their best. Then there is a great deal of storm on the coast and floods of dialogue from which the foreshadowed union of Felicity and Stratton emerges. Maisie remains with the mother who has adopted her; her military lover

may return to her—one does not know or care very much. Felicity is at last understood and loved, and a memorable, if sometimes wilfully disappointing, play closes amid roars of applause.

We will presume that it is legitimate for the dramatist to take quite exceptional people to fill the characters of his play. But even then Mr. Hastings seems to have gone a little far afield. Jerry le Maitre, a romantic, Ibsenish, Guernsey fisher boy, played by Mr. Shiel Barry, is considered more than half mad; Mrs. Bretherton describes her odd conduct in regard to her care for dolls in place of children as a sort of madness. Felicity is an unusually erotic personage and would-be suicide. Car Whitthair is somehow allowed to suggest the congenital idiot. Maisie attempts to drown herself. Tom Denny, an intentionally comic fisherman, broadly treated by Mr. Macmillan, shows an extraordinarily cruel and unsympathetic nature in regard to his foster-son. Dr. Stratton is immensely gifted and fortunate; in fact, the only person who approximates the normal is Mr. Strick, the owner of the London hotel, a part in which Mr. Heath Haviland gives one more admirable character sketch. Perhaps our world is like that, but if not, and these things are faults, there remains very much that is of value in the play, and there is always a bold confidence in the receptivity of the audience which promises well for the future of the author.

"Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick Theatre

THE first comer of the holiday plays, "Where the Rainbow Ends," is one of the simplest, most direct and engaging that we are likely to see. Everyone remembers that the refrain "For England and St. George" is woven into this play, which on one side is purely fancy, and on the other plain everyday fact. All boys and girls and most men and women appear to love this *mélange* of the real, the unreal, and the "might-have-been-both."

This year the entertainment is lively and beautiful, and the four clever children Esmé Wynne, Dot Temple, Sidney Sherwood and Philip Tonge—who start on the great adventure of the magic carpet towards Rainbow land—are at once delightfully human and filled with the spirit of romance. Their quest is already pretty well known, and all the better liked on that account, but the fairy background of their undertaking is, I think, fresher and more dainty than of old. The gay and tireless Will-o'-the-Wisp, Miss Mavis Yorke, dances and plays with extraordinary spirit — she is indeed a Puck of even lighter mood, who happens to be gifted with the true *gambado* temperament. Her will is supported by a host of merry children who manage somehow to translate the whole audience far beyond this work-a-day world, and to fill them with delight. St. George is as splendid as ever in the hands of Mr. Reginald Owen, who is, I believe, joint author of the

play with Mr. Clifford Mills. Mr. James Carew plays a double rôle with easy success, and all the wicked and funny people are quite convincing in their many and various ways. When in doubt among the numberless plays produced this year, particularly for children, you could not do better than choose the merry, exciting, patriotic "Rainbow" at the Garrick. E. M.

Music

THE sounds of secular music, if such an epithet be permitted by those who regard all music as sacred, have almost died away, as The Nativity draws near. "Meek-eyed Peace" has descended upon the busy concert-halls. It seems as if both the *entrepreneurs* and the performers had been reading the great ode of Milton. Moved by those tremendous lines—

And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their Sovran Lord was by.

they have closed the piano, and put the violin back into its case, resolved to sit still for a few days. We think that M. Hubermann, who gave a concert on the 16th, must have been the last of the virtuosi to bid an audience to Queen's Hall. Of him we do not use the word "virtuoso" in the restricted and unkind sense in which, of late years, it has been a good deal used. Our grandparents meant what we should call a "connoisseur" when they spoke of a virtuoso, a man whose knowledge and taste in Art exceeded that of the *dilettante*. Horace Walpole was not, surely, a virtuoso, but Lord Burlington could have claimed the title. Then the word came to be applied more particularly to a musical performer whose skill was admittedly transcendent. Liszt and Thalberg were two of the typical "virtuosi" of the nineteenth century. But in course of time it came to be understood that, if you spoke of a "virtuoso," you meant a performer whose gifts of musicianship and real love for Art were on a markedly lower plane than his executive powers, a performer whose aim was to dazzle his hearers rather than to interpret his composer. M. Hubermann is by no means a virtuoso in this less worthy sense of the term. As an executant he is among the first violinists of our day, but he never gives the impression that his delight in his own skill of bowing and fingering leads him astray from the main path which an artist should follow. He is not one of the more impassioned players, and in the Kreutzer Sonata and a Sonata of Bach he may have been too cold for some listeners' liking. But in Tchaikovsky's Concerto he was wholly admirable, and his tone is so beautiful that we can scarce believe there was anyone present at the recital who did not enjoy it.

The doings of the Classical Concert Society have not recently been of exceptional interest, but its programmes have been tranquil and pleasant. The quartet party which M. Lhotsky leads, but to which M. Sevcik, the famous violin-teacher gives his name, achieved consider-

able success at their concert on December 10. We could not say that these players call forth our warmest admiration, for though they are invariably correct, and though their skill of *ensemble* is beyond question, they are wanting, perhaps, in impulse, and do not make us forget the performers in our sheer delight at the beauty of the composition they are playing. But in Dvorak's very tuneful and agreeable Quartet in F major there are no great depths to plumb, and we had a very finished performance of it. Franck's Pianoforte Quintet is quite another story. The pianist, M. Darewski, was, no doubt, to be commended for playing with restraint; for, had he allowed the music to inspire him with something of its fire, the balance of the performance would have been destroyed. But the message of the music was not delivered with the almost imperious authority which we looked for.

A concert given by the Société des Concerts Français, not in a public hall, but in the fine music-room at the house of Mme. Liotard-Vogt, at Holland Park, was of unusual interest. Perhaps its chief attraction was the Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte by M. Guy Ropartz, who is known to have been one of Cesar Franck's best pupils, and to be one of the most vigorous and influential leaders of musical progress in provincial France. We have heard reports of the valuable work he does at Nancy, and it was a great pleasure to hear one of his compositions. We can hardly think that the performance of his sonata did complete justice to the work, but the beautiful slow movement made a sensible effect, and that the whole composition, in spite of its length, is worthy of the serious attention of musicians we do not doubt. M. Déodar de Severne's name is, of course, well known to those who have any acquaintance with contemporary French music. He is one of the glories of the "Schola Cantorum." Mlle. Luquiens sang three of his delicate and charming songs. "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit" has often been set to music, but Verlaine's poetry has not been more sympathetically treated by any composer, and we liked "Le Chevrier" extremely, as also some pianoforte pieces which were played by Mlle. Veluard; "Baigneuses au Soleil" should attract the attention of many pianists. A fantasy for clarinet and piano, by M. Philippe Gaubert had less interest for us, and the trio, by Vincent d'Indy, for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, did not convince us that that truly admirable musician has always been in a state of inspiration when he has sat down to compose.

Two of our most popular, and deservedly popular, artists have given concerts which cannot be repeated for some time to come. Mme. Carreño played so superbly that all her admirers, and their name is legion, must have lamented that she cannot return to London until twelve months have passed. One does not know which to wonder at the most—her splendid technical control or the vigorous, brilliant life which the technique enables her to express so abundantly. Mme. Clara Butt, having brought all the most difficult-to-please of the Berlin and Vienna critics, as well as the musical public of those

great cities, to her feet, reappeared lately at the Albert Hall, the scene of so many of her triumphs, and showed that her voice is still the finest in the world, and that she can sing fine songs like the best of the musician-singers. We do not say that she is unrivalled in all the songs that she essays. She is not so universal an interpreter as Mme. Gerhardt, for instance, who has also been singing in her best style, but there are certain songs which we think no one could sing better than Mme. Butt. Mr. Rumford, too, is always to be heard with pleasure, and we hope that Mme. Butt and he will prosper exceedingly in the tour round the world which they are now to undertake. Mr. Plunket Greene needs no praise, but we cannot help congratulating him on the altogether exceptional skill with which he makes up his programmes. It is refreshing to listen to a programme which is not cut up into formal groups, which gives you opportunity to hear the work of so many composers, in which you pass from one song and one style to another without the smallest sense of incongruity.

But at this moment when we write, the recitalists are dumb. Carol-singers have taken their place, and many industrious searchers into the records of the past are presenting us with the quaint and often beautiful Christmas songs which they and others have brought to light. In many a church Bach's Christmas oratorio, or parts of it, may be heard, and old Handel is not forgotten. We hope that, in the desire for novelty, the best-known, favourite old carols will not be allowed to fall into the oblivion which, until the recent outbreak of antiquarian activity, has been the lot of so many hymns of the kind. There is sometimes a danger in the joy of rediscovery—we are tempted to overlook the friends who have never failed us. There must always be a place, and that the highest, in our affections, for the Christmas music in the "Messiah," for "In Dulci Jubilo," and "Good King Wenceslas."

Bedside Books

READING in bed is one of the crimes that bring their own punishment. It is a fertile source of colds and sore throats; doctors say it tends to injure the eyesight; and unless you are happy in the possession of electric light—one of the few luxuries for which Literature has to thank Science—you run a very fair chance of burning the house down in addition. But no one was ever yet prevented from reading in bed by the thought of the danger of the practice. When Macaulay first went on circuit, he was observed making off to bed with a book tucked under his arm, and the longest candle he could pick in his hand. An aged lawyer took it upon himself to remonstrate. "I always read in bed at home," said the future historian of England, "and if I am not afraid of committing patricide and matricide and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds." It is to be hoped that he paid more respect

to the bagmen of Leeds when he came to represent them in Parliament; but there is not the slightest reason for thinking that his respect was great enough to prevent him from continuing his nocturnal habits. In fact, nine out of ten people who read at all read in bed; and the only drawback that troubles them is the difficulty of getting the right kind of book to read.

At first sight it might be thought that the best kind of books for the bedside would be heavy, soporific tomes, Charles Lamb's "books no gentleman's library should be without," sluggish volumes whose very binding resembles a sleeping mixture. But this is a mistaken view of the case. People do not want to read themselves asleep any more than they want to read themselves awake. The charm lies in the sense of complete, if temporary, detachment from the affairs of the world—the feeling that to-day's work is done, and to-morrow's separated from you by the chasm of sleep—and you need something to harmonise with your mood. You don't want argumentative books to excite "a cogibundity of cogitation" that will keep all your faculties alert, and agitate your mind with logical conundrums. Nobody wishes to argue in bed. You don't want fiction, especially melodramatic fiction, or you will stay awake half the night breathlessly whirling over pages to find out who murdered Sir Reginald, and whether Euphrosyne really married the Earl. You don't want eerie books, such as Poe's *Tales* and *"Dracula,"* or you'll be afraid to go to sleep at all. What the situation calls for are cheerful discursive books that will capture the attention pleasantly for forty minutes and not constrain it above the hour. The great biographies make splendid bedside companions. You can open Boswell's *"Johnson,"* or Lockhart's *"Scott,"* or Trevelyan's *"Macaulay"* anywhere and read with the proper sense of placid enjoyment. Then come the Diarists. Pepys and Crabb Robinson should certainly be on your shelf. There, also, the writers of memoirs claim a place. It is unfortunate that the greatest masters of that species of literature should be French, because the number of men who can guarantee to read ten consecutive pages in a foreign language without coming across a word they can't translate is few indeed; and the number of men who are willing to take a dictionary to bed with them is fewer still. The idea of actually getting out to look up a word is too uncomfortable to be entertained for a moment. It would not even be heroic; it would be either madness or mere bravado. Luckily, if we have not the best in English, we have excellent substitutes. Bishop Burnet, Charles Young, Trelawney, Gronow, Medwin, and Lord Hervey are not only readable, they are re-readable—which is the final test of a bedside book. While, if you merely want "something to read an' done with," as Mr. Kipps described it, James Payn, Charles Brookfield, G. W. E. Russell, Dean Hole, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, and Montague Williams, to name almost at random a few amongst our modern purveyors of anecdote, will help you to many an agreeable hour of desultory reminiscence.

What John Ruskin would say if he knew that his work was made the lazy enjoyment of idle people in bed passes the wit of man to conceive; but the fact remains that *"Fors Clavigera,"* *"Præterita,"* and *"The Old Road"* are three of the best bedside books in existence. The "rigmarole" of *"Fors,"* at which the critics cry out, only gives it an additional charm for night reading, and it is the most glorious rigmarole in the English language; and the mellow wistfulness of *"Præterita"* and *"The Old Road"* makes them especially suitable for the first quiet hours of the night. The style has lost the thunder and onset of the first volume of *"Modern Painters."* No longer will you meet sentences extending over two octavo pages without a single stop more leisurely than a comma. No longer are you likely to be carried away by a descriptive avalanche or a foaming cascade of invective. But what has been lost in power has been gained in resource. Macaulay could not be clearer, or Swift more easy. He is as versatile as Thackeray, as elastic as Pater, as incisive as Newman. He can be witty, pathetic, impassioned, sarcastic, careless, logical, and wrong-headed, all with equal propriety and charm. Put him permanently beside your bed, and, no matter what your mood may be, it will be hard indeed if his infinite diversity does not provide you with one in sympathy.

Smoking

IT is a fashion, a habit, or a vice, according to the point of view, shared by every nation and every class. It has outlived the Stuarts, one of whom held it a custom "loathsome to the eye and hateful to the nose." Boys smoke because they think it clever, and girls for reasons best known to themselves. The keynote of its joy is a soothing mood of forgetfulness. It is Nirvana. It brings effacement to those who weep over the past, yawn over the present, or tremble for the future. It is the panacea for regret, boredom, and anxiety. It banishes spite and makes men sweetly reasonable, wherefore Stevenson cautioned women against marrying any man superior to the weakness of a pipe.

In polite society most men and women are content with tobacco in one of three forms, but Eastern races need the more potent narcotic of hemp or opium. There is a word in Turkish which means repose. It is "kief," and in Morocco this is the name given to a preparation of Indian hemp that the Moors smoke in pipes with long stems and tiny bowls. The Berber of the South smokes honest—and heinous—tobacco, but the Moor will have his "kief," and a victim of the "kief" habit is as degenerate as the Egyptian "hashishi." Occasional indulgence is not, however, attended by such woeful results, and it was after envying the rapt expression on the face of one of my Moorish servants whom I took into the interior, the effect of a couple of pipes after the day's work, that I resolved to make trial of the weed. He was, therefore, sent to the bazaar to buy me a new

pipe and just enough of the stuff for the experiment. With an eye to probabilities that showed him a true prophet, the rascal purchased enough of it to last him for a month, and duly came into his own. What I sought was local colour. I got it. The immediate effect of "kief," in theory, is to translate the smoker, as on a magic carpet, to the company of such almond-eyed houris as people the Moslem's paradise. My first pipe of it brought no such joys. My second made me sick, and there was no third. Opium I never tried, having had a surfeit of it, by proxy, in the company of De Quincey and in the Chinese quarter of Sydney and San Francisco. Glazed eyeballs and lolling tongues, with faces more lack-lustre than even the normal of Celestial features, did not spell enjoyment, and I let the opium go at that. With the narghile, or water-pipe, I first made acquaintance in the great Bath of Damascus. Its gurgle is comforting in the lazy hour after a Turkish bath, but I never took to it in other circumstances.

Of all forms of smoking the cigarette is the most injurious. It is deadly to mind and body alike, and my endorsement of the fact should be worth something, for I have smoked little else these five and twenty years. Yet I never inhaled, and no less an authority than Sandow once assured me that, with no inhaling, even forty cigarettes a day would not kill me. The worst result of smoking cigarettes is that in some people it induces spitting. My friends, the Moors, never spit, as may be inferred from their expressive term for the habit, which is "drinking smoke." Since this form of smoking is peculiarly injurious to the young, there is much to be said for drastic discouragement, but Americans go, as usual, to the other extreme and, in many of their cities, forbid the sale of cigarettes to young and old alike. Who can have any doubt as to the result? From being merely a pleasant form of indulgence when subject to no restraint, the cigarette, once proclaimed unlawful, becomes a passion, and nothing is easier, as I once proved during a stay at Seattle, one of the cities in which cigarettes were banned, than to buy them under pretext of purchasing cigars, a little pantomime played for the benefit of purely apocryphal detectives. This strange mania for first making laws and then breaking them is peculiarly American.

The cigarette is smoked in enormous quantities in Russia, where it is the common choice of prince and moujik alike, and its most curious feature is a long cardboard mouthpiece out of all proportion to the mere pinch of tobacco at the other end. At first sight this might look like a disingenuous trick on the part of the tobacconist to make the consumer pay the price of tobacco for paper, but anyone who knows the Russian winter has another explanation. Smoking out of doors, with the thermometer many degrees below zero, is injurious to the throat, and Russians have accustomed themselves to these pretentious whiffs of tobacco to save them from themselves. Imagination goes a long way, and they combine a minimum of nicotine with the comforting illusion of the frequent cigarette.

The smoking accommodation provided on our railways is a matter of eternal controversy between the companies and the public. The smoker's interests are far better looked after on the Continent, where, instead of, as in this country, labelling a casual compartment "Smoking," they specify a few carriages for non-smokers, throwing on these the onus of finding asylum from what King James I. genially called "this stinking smoke." Carelessly considered, this might seem like only another way of arriving at the same result, but it is, in effect, something quite distinct. The difference is subtle, and hunting men will appreciate it as analogous to a witty distinction which someone once drew between Dartmoor and Exmoor—that on the one a man could ride everywhere except where he couldn't, while on the other he couldn't ride anywhere except where he could! The English plan is wholly unsatisfactory. Not only does it provide far too little accommodation for smokers, but it does not even exclude children and non-smoking women from crowding the smoking carriage and leaving vacant places in others in which smoking is prohibited. On non-stop journeys, when a non-smoking carriage is occupied by men only, it is usual, after asking leave, to put it to better use than that for which it was intended. Such permission is usually accorded, but if it is withheld the embargo should be respected. Now and again, of course, a cad will light and puff his fearful fancy without so much as "by your leave." On one occasion a person of this class received a well-merited and wholly unexpected rebuke from a mild old gentleman, in whose face he had puffed several clouds from what purported to be a cigar. Suddenly remembering his obligation, he said:—

"I 'ope you don't mind my smoking this cigar?"

"Not at all, Sir, not at all," was the answer "if you don't!"

F. G. AFLALO.

Art and Life—III

BY HALDANE MACFALL

I HAVE quoted heavily from "The Splendid Way-faring" as regards Life, because we must get some clear concept of what we mean by Life before we can get even a shadow of an idea of the basic significance of Art. We have seen, then, that Life has evolved, creating for itself an ever more perfect lamp in which to flame. We have seen Life at last evolve Man; and we have seen that Man rose above the brutes, not by superior bulk, or strength, or ferocity, or courage, or the like, but by the fact that he could commune with his fellows, thereby increasing his intelligence step by step by becoming partaker of their intelligence, by which intelligence he has mastered the world, risen above all other created things; or, to put it in its other form, whereby he has become the supreme lamp wherein life can burn its fullest flame.

How has man been able to do this wonderful thing that has given him supremacy over all other created things? I have gone into this very fully in "The Splendid Wayfaring," so that we will just rough out the main facts, and thus establish the basic function of Art, whereby to test all works of Art whatsoever—for it is obvious that, if we lay down a definition of Art that does not cover all works of Art, our definition is false, and we are testing works of Art by false weights and false measures. It is, indeed, most essential that all critics, before their judgments receive any consideration, should be tested by the essential fact as to whether their concept of Art is false or true; and almost invariably it is utterly false—as will be proved if you but test a large number of masterpieces by their concepts.

It requires but a little thought to realise that there are two ways, and two ways only, of knowing Life: either we must live the whole gamut in our individual experience, or we can become partakers in the experience of our fellow-men, dead and alive, by their being able to communicate to us at second-hand what they have known of life. Obviously there is no other way.

Now, first as to living the whole gamut of life in our own and only individual gamut of life. It is clear that certain experiences must come to every individual. We are born, grow through infancy to childhood, childhood to youth, youth to manhood; we know hunger and thirst and love and heat and cold; and we die. But, without the power of communion with our fellows, all the thoughts, emotions, feelings, and experiences of any single being—even supposing that the individual had the capacity of the greatest of known men—cannot be compared with the experiences and thoughts and feelings of that man's generation. To challenge this fact would be childish. Let us go further: the greatest man of an age, even if he can commune with his fellows, cannot get into his life more than a tittle of the thoughts and experiences of his generation. So that, if he be shut off from all communion with his fellows, even *his* experience and intelligence must be but a paltry affair.

Fortunately, then, for man, it was granted him to experience life at second-hand by communion with his fellow-men. But how?

Clear away all side-issues, and it will be seen that there are two means by which we can become partakers in the intelligence of our fellow-men—in other words, there are two ways whereby man lifted himself above the brutes and came to mastery; for courage, ruthlessness, strength, and other such powers are not the attributes of man alone.

We can become partakers in the intelligence of our fellow-men (1) by means of exchanging our Thoughts, and (2) by means of exchanging our Feelings.

Now let us be very clear and definite about this; for it is here that we come to the foundation of that which is the province and function of Art. The Thought of another can only become our Thought when that other

can make us understand it. In other words, he has to get the thought direct from his brain to our brain by means of Speech—of course written speech is only another form of speech. This logical statement of an idea—or Reason—creates what is called the Intellect, or that part of the Intelligence which is concerned with the direct communion of logical truth. Thought can say to the intelligence direct, by Reason, that two and two make four. This is a prodigiously valuable faculty. But note carefully that its power is very limited—it leaves us cold. The Reason can state a fact—but it cannot make us experience that fact. A far higher faculty of communion is granted to us—the faculty whereby the Feelings of another can be made to be understood by us. And just as Speech is the means of the communion of Thought, so Art is the means of communion of what we have felt—of the Emotions. For the sensed thing can only be communicated to us by being transferred into our senses in such a way that we are made to feel what another has felt. Of what a man has sensed through his vision he can only make us partakers by and through our faculty of vision—that is to say, by so skilful a use of colour or forms that they arouse in our intelligence the sense of what he personally has felt—through the craftsmanship of Painting. Of what a man has sensed through his hearing he can only make us partakers by and through our faculty of hearing by so skilful a use of sounds that they arouse in our intelligence the sense of what he personally has felt—through the craftsmanship of Music. Or he can conjure up in our senses the emotion that he has felt through the cunning craftsmanship of words, as in the Poetry of Prose or Verse, or by Oratory, or by the Drama or Romance.

This power of communicating to the Intelligence *through the senses* is Art. This is the whole province of Art, the sole province of Art—outside which Art cannot be, but within which its range is otherwise illimitable. The basic conditions of Art are therefore (1) that the artist can only utter what he himself has felt, and (2) that he can only utter it by means of, and in the realm of, that sense through which he has felt it. It is vital to grasp these two conditions. The sole value of the utterance of an artist lies in its being an impression made by life upon himself, and upon himself alone. He has no power to utter the impression of another—it is outside his ken; and, the moment he attempts it, his essay as art is dead, and becomes but Mimicry. It is without vitality, and is void. And in regard to the means of, and the realm of, the sense through which he has felt the impression, it is equally obvious that, if the artist have sensed an impression through his vision, that impression can only reach our intelligence through our vision—for instance, painting has for its range all impressions aroused by Sight, a range that is limitless within the range of sight, but that does not exist outside sight. Therefore there is no law that can limit the art of the painter, so long as he paints impressions aroused within the field of vision; but the painter essays a bastard endeavour the moment

he tries to drag into his work the sensations aroused by the hearing, or touch, or smell, or the like. For instance, if a man paint a field of garlic, with the gatherers singing a folk-song, he is not creating the art of painting if he rub the work with garlic and put a gramophone behind the canvas to reel off a folk-song. Or, to put it in other words, the musician does not create a work of art as music by trying to compel music to paint sunlight on a poppy-field, any more than a painter can make a painting utter the "Marsellaise" into our intelligence.

It may seem a truism to say all this; but the whole of criticism goes boggling into these blunders every day; and thousands of artists to-day, and in all ages, have slain their endeavour by not grasping these basic truths. And a whole wretched, pompous, self-sufficient code of dogma has been set up and codified as a farcical philosophy called *Æsthetics*, which is built upon the fallacies which this basic concept crashes to pieces the moment it is clearly grasped!

The province of the Arts, then, is to increase the intelligence of man by adding impressions of life to his sensing. Its realm is the Imagination; it is born in the Imagination, rooted in the Imagination, grows in the Imagination, and blossoms and bears fruit in the Imagination—aroused through the senses. Speech is our intellectual means of communion with the intelligence of our fellows. Art is our sensed—or Emotional—means of communion with the intelligence of our fellows. And it is by and through these two means of communion that man has come to mastery over all other created things; but—and let us make no mistake about it—the power of the sensed communion of life is vastly greater than the power of the merely logical Reason. For one act in our day that we do at the urging of Reason, we do a score at the prompting and guidance of our instinct, of our sensing. The value of the sensed communion of life is so great that the acts of Reason have to be compelled into terms of the senses and tested in terms of the senses before we accept them to the extent of admitting them into our experience. The sciences, mechanics, philosophy, logic, and the rest are due to pure Reason, and have done prodigious service to man; but they are small as compared with the acts impelled by the sensed intelligence, for the mightiest acts of man, his supreme endeavour, his wildest adventure, have been the result of his sensed intelligence, his passions, his hopes, his instincts. Left alone with his reason, his life had been a harsh and frigid way-faring, and a shallow if brilliant enterprise that had left him poor in heart and sordid at best in his intention.

Grasping, then, the basic significance of the Arts, let us now test it by a few general examples, and then by the particular—that is to say, the movements that are rousing so much controversy around us to-day. For I am about to show that all these "isms" and studio wars are but affairs of craftsmanship, whereas their real importance or lack of importance depends on whether they are affairs of art, and whether they are in any way concerned with art or its development.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

"WHAT are they up to now?" said a breathless Unionist, as he hurried late into the division lobby just as the door was closing on Wednesday last. "They are trying to bag the cathedrals," was the reply. The more we dive into the Welsh Bill, the more it becomes apparent that the Welsh Radicals and the English Nonconformists are imbued solely with envy, hatred, and malice against the Church. They want to rob her of her revenues, but they dare not take the money for their own sects, so they propose to devote it, as someone said, "to collecting stuffed birds." What they want is to rob the Church of her status and supposed social superiority. If the Church would admit all dissenting ministers into her communion without further examination, and publicly acknowledge that the Chapel is as good as the Church, I do not believe that the Bill would be pressed through.

Silvester Horne, of the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, coolly proposed that all the cathedrals in Wales should be retained by the State, and that any religious body could make use of them—that any dogma could be preached from the pulpits. He did not explain how it was to be done, but we throw out the suggestion to help him that a rota might be easily prepared and the Sundays balloted for!

Asquith was dead against it, whatever he had been in the past, and only 56 were induced to go into the lobby in support of the suggestion, the majority of 279 being composed of the regular Government supporters and the Unionists.

The other night, Ward, the Labour man made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the Church, and urged her friends not to drive too hard a bargain; but he took care to vote against her when it came to the pinch.

The Welsh Radical revolted threatened all sorts of dreadful things if the Government gave away any more, but they never meant it; they toed the line and came in as usual.

The Unionists saved £15,000 out of the fire, with the help of the Liberal Churchmen, although Llewellyn Williams made an impassioned speech, the drift of which I did not understand. He talked with admiration of Edward I, Henry V, and Cromwell crushing Wales, but said "that now Wales had gone down before as ragged a regiment as ever marched to Coventry—a party of young men and old women." Whether he was referring to the Liberal Churchmen or to the Unionists, or both, I do not know, "but that was the reason why they felt humiliated."

On Thursday Empire Jack blandly asked the Prime Minister when he was going to reform the House of Lords. Asquith replied in an equally bland tone that it would be premature at present to make a statement; but in reply to a fuller question as to when the right moment would be, suggested that the hon. member might put the question next session.

Bonar Law objected to the way that the Opposition had to drag information from the Government on the

question of Indian Finance; "it was as if they were drawing teeth by way of question and answer." Asquith was grieved at the way Bonar Law put things; he could not promise a select committee to enquire, but he promised to give a day to discussion in February if Bonar Law really persisted. Bonar Law replied that he hoped the Prime Minister did not mean that no enquiry could be made except by moving a vote of censure; but that, I think, is exactly what the astute Premier was angling for.

Yesterday they tried to steal the Cathedrals and the Bounty of Good Queen Anne. We rescued the first and partially saved the second. To-day we tried to salvage the Glebe. They allowed the Church to have Queen Anne's Bounty because Parliament voted the money to that particular Church when there were others. They said the Glebe was quite a different pair of shoes. That it was given by pious people to the Church before the days of dissent, when there was only one true Catholic Church, and that since the Reformation had altered things the money ought to be devoted to the benefit of all, meaning thereby the stuffed birds, etc. They also discovered that the Church of England does not say prayers for the dead, and so they are breaking their contract, and ought to be punished. Wyndham said that Ellis Griffith's speech was an amalgam of bad law and bad history which had led him into bad politics. Edgar Jones, who awkwardly imitates the gestures of Lloyd George, said that the incumbent of Merthyr was the most oppressive and exacting landlord in the town, and drew £3,000 a year from slums and public houses. Sir Alfred Cripps said if we took exceptional cases no institution in England would escape similar criticism.

In the Navy the order used to be "Protestants to the right—Roman Catholics to the left—fancy religions, fall out." I do not know what particular brand of fancy religion Daylight Saving Pearce belongs to, but if it is one of the wealthy Nonconformist bodies, they cannot approve of his sentiments; for he urged the Church to be good, and give up all its property; it would be far better for its salvation if it walked about naked, as it were.

There were noises and interjections and epithets. Lyttelton very nearly, if he did not quite, call McKenna an attorney's clerk. Granted that the Government proved every argument they made, which was very far from being the case, they deliberately ignored the Statute of Limitations which is allowed to apply to every institution except the Church—a Church whose income does not exceed the sum that M.P.'s voted for their salaries every year. It was all to no purpose. The debate came in like a lamb, but went out like a lion when the guillotine fell at 10.30; but there were some men with consciences after all, for the Government majority dropped to 55, and would have been only 52 if three men had not been still out through their own carelessness. It was all right, however, from a Government point of view, there were more than 55 Irish

Papists present to vote with the Nonconformists and keep the coalition in power.

On Friday the Government Whips believed we should try a snap, and they kept strong reserves in town—but it was to no purpose.

The end was marred by a disagreeable and dramatic incident. Fitzroy, in a very moderate speech inquired into the circumstances of Sir Francis Bridgeman's dismissal. Winston made a very violent attack on Lord Charles Beresford, and Bonar Law called for the whole of the correspondence, which Winston instantly read out. It is clear his first letter was very disingenuous, and Bonar Law summed up the position when he said he (Winston) could have got Sir Francis Bridgeman to tender his resignation without leaving the feeling that a great and distinguished man had been ill-used. If he had received that second letter of Mr. Churchill's after the first letter, he should have considered it most brutal.

The House did not adjourn until half-past four.

Notes and News

Lord Roberts' stirring "Message to the Nation," which Mr. Murray has published in sixpenny form, has roused so much attention that a third impression, numbering several thousands, has been called for.

The Aberdeen Art Gallery committee has been enabled, through the generosity of Mrs. Arthur Melville, to acquire for an almost nominal price the important and masterly drawing by the late Arthur Melville, A.R.S.A., known as "Banderilleros a Pied."

The three-hundredth number of *What's On?* is issued this week, and London's amusement-journal of reference is to be congratulated. Its usefulness to the visitor is obvious, and it covers so much ground in its articles and suggestions that it forms a valuable record of the every-day life of the city.

An association for the promotion of British interests in Egypt and the Near East—financial, literary, commercial, and scientific—has been formed, with temporary offices at 6, Broad Street Place, E.C. Mr. H. Osman Newland, F.R.Hist.Soc., is the hon. secretary, and Sir John Brickwood is a vice-president. Among the council are Major Searle, F.R.G.S., W. E. Gaze, F.R.G.S., and many other well-known gentlemen. The subscription is £1 1s. yearly to the first 200 members.

A notable union of forces will take place on the occasion of the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to be held at Birmingham on December 30 and 31, 1912, and January 1, 2, and 3, 1913. At that meeting the Musical League will give a series of concerts in association with the Incorporated Society of Musicians. The mornings will be devoted to the reading and discussion of papers; the afternoons and evenings to performances of music. Thus the theoretical and creative side of art will be represented at the conference.

Miss Margaret Morris's recent series of performances at the Court Theatre has proved so successful that she has secured the same theatre for a month, and will give a series of matinées there, beginning to-day, Saturday, December 28, and continuing until the end of January.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson finished the first part of his successful farewell tour of the provinces at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday, December 18, having been compelled to give four overflow performances of "Hamlet," "Mice and Men," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "The Light That Failed." In January he continues his farewell tour of the provincial cities he has not yet visited, accompanied by his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott, starting at Hull on January 20, and including Hanley, Newport (Mon.), Exeter, Bath, Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Bournemouth, in the order given.

The first meeting of the Albanian Committee was held in the Whitehall Rooms on Tuesday, December 17, under the presidency of the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., who was well supported. After the reading of correspondence, the following resolution was unanimously passed, on the motion of Mr. C. F. Ryder, of Leeds, seconded by Mr. Mark H. Judge:—"That this meeting cordially approves of the formation of the Albanian Committee (1912) to assist the establishment of Albanian autonomy, to develop a wider knowledge of the Balkan problem, and to promote a good understanding between Christian and Mohammedan the world over."

A new reciter, the daughter of Mme. Amy Sherwin, made her bow to the public at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening last, when an exceptionally interesting programme of selections from the poets was admirably rendered. For two hours the keen attention of the audience was sustained, while the applause which followed each recital was evidence of the appreciation given to the youthful artiste. Miss Sherwin recited the following selections, among others:—"The Day is Done," Longfellow; "The Forsaken Merman," Matthew Arnold; "The High Tide," Jean Ingelow; music by Liza Lehmann, accompanied by the composer. Variety was added to the programme by Mr. Fraser Gange, who sang selections from Tennyson's "Maud"; from "A Song of Life," by Henley; with some "Cowboy Songs" from the collection by Professor Lomax.

The opening meeting of the winter session of the English Goethe Society was held on December 10, at the Medical Hall, when Mr. Gregory Page gave an interesting lecture on "Wilhelm Meister." A large number of members was present to do honour to the memory of the late Dr. Eugene Oswald, M.A., one of the founders of the Society, and from 1891 till his death last October its distinguished and beloved secretary. Of his life and career Dr. L. T. Thorne, chairman of the council, gave a sympathetic sketch. A brief tribute of praise and appreciation was also paid by Mr. Oscar Gridley, founder of the Carlyle Society, of which Dr. Oswald was president for fifteen years. Prince Lichnowsky is the most recent accession to the Society, which promises some interesting papers this session. Particulars may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Oswald, 129, Adelaide Road, N.W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

CHINA'S PERIL.

PUBLIC attention has of late been concentrated upon events in the Near East, to the almost total exclusion of interest in the important developments that have been in progress in the Far East. Thus unobserved, as it were, the first part of the plan long contemplated by certain Powers, and aimed at the suppression of Chinese influence in the outlying dependencies of the Republic, has been quietly and successfully accomplished. Without protest from any quarter, save Peking, Russia has, once and for all, established her domination in the rich and vast region of Mongolia. It is generally assumed that her privileged position is restricted to the area geographically known as Outer Mongolia; but, following a procedure to which Russian diplomatists in their dealings with China are not altogether strangers, the wording of the protocol concluded recently between her plenipotentiary, M. Kowstovetz, and the local authorities is so ambiguous as to leave in some doubt the question whether or not the whole of Mongolia is involved. Indeed, so comprehensive are the provisions of the document that the conclusion would almost seem warranted that Russia has secured for herself in this region a position similar in all essential respects to that which she occupied in Manchuria in the days before the war with Japan.

The salient features of the agreement which has led to this result may be summarised as follows:—

- (1) Russian banks shall have the right to establish branches; Russian subjects to lease or buy land in all towns and cities, to lease vacant land for agricultural purposes, to establish commercial enterprises, and to arrange for concessions regarding mining, forestry, fishing, and other undertakings.
- (2) The Russian Government shall have the right to establish Consulates wherever deemed necessary, and at the same time to found trade settlements which shall be under the administration of Russian Consuls.
- (3) Russian post-offices shall be established.
- (4) Russian Consuls shall have the right to use Mongolian post-stations without charge.
- (5) All Mongolian rivers flowing into Russian territory, and the branches thereof, shall be open to navigation by Russian subjects plying Russian vessels.
- (6) Russian subjects desiring to transport goods and livestock shall have the right to use rivers and roads in Mongolia, and with their own money are to be permitted to build bridges, establish ferries, and collect fees from the people using these bridges and ferries.
- (7) Grazing lands shall be reserved for the use of flocks belonging to Russian subjects when migrating, and such lands may be used for three months without payment.
- (8) All disputes shall be referred to mixed tribunals nominated jointly by Russian Consuls and Mongolian Princes. At the same time, it is known that Russia contemplates the construction of an elaborate railway system in Mongolia. Of this scheme the principal

feature will be the building of a line to link her Siberian railway with the Peking-Kalgan line, an undertaking the completion of which would bring Paris within nine and a half days of Peking.

A glance at the map will instantly reveal the tremendous importance to be attached to the new forward policy inaugurated by Russia in the Far East. It cannot be denied that the provisions of the agreement disclosed in this article are a flagrant violation of all international treaties concluded with the object of upholding the sovereignty of China. In the circumstances it would seem to all practical intents and purposes that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has ceased to exercise any material influence upon the situation in the Far East. The truth of this assertion is rendered all the more apparent when we consider the developments that are taking place behind the diplomatic scene. For by this time the fact, first made known in these columns, has become notorious that there is in existence an agreement between Japan and Russia, which provides for three positive developments:—(1) The annexation by Japan of Korea, and Russia's acquiescence in this measure; (2) Russian liberty of action in Outer Mongolia; and (3) the division of Manchuria between Russia and Japan. The first and second parts of the programme have been carried out. There remains for fulfilment, then, the alienation of Manchuria, and all present indications go to show that this step will not long be delayed. As far as Japan is concerned, we notice signs and portents, in regard to the Three Eastern Provinces, similar to those which heralded the extinction of Korean nationality. Certain influential organs of the Press and prominent publicists are openly advocating annexation. Then petitions from Chinese communities in Manchuria, cleverly engineered as a consequence of Japanese intrigues, are being received in Tokyo, praying the Government to end their trials and tribulations by gathering them within the fold of its beneficent régime. And finally, what is more ominous than all these significant indications, is the announcement that the Japanese Government has applied to Peking for permission to reinforce its already large army in Manchuria, a procedure which, in view of its sinister intent, would appear to be somewhat superfluous. Definite action on the part of Russia and Japan in Mongolia will necessarily involve an important geographical revision in the Far East. The boundary between Manchuria and Mongolia has never been clearly defined. When the time comes for the settling of accounts, this question will give rise to some discussion, and it may be assumed that Japan will endeavour to give a wide interpretation of her claims in the southern sphere. It is clear that the British Foreign Office is aware that the important territorial changes described in this article are in contemplation, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that Sir Edward Grey will not protest against this rearrangement.

For some time past no secret has been made of the fact that Great Britain has abandoned all pretensions to possessing material interests in Manchuria. As compensation for this effacement we retain the friendship

of Russia and Japan, so essential to the proper maintenance of our world policy, and it does not seem at all likely that we shall demand any further advantage of an important nature in return for our acquiescence in the designs of these Powers. We are content with the position we hold in Tibet. As far as our interests in other parts of China are concerned, the situation, which remains substantially the same to-day, was lucidly summed up by Sir Valentine Chirol three years ago:—

That in regard to railway construction and all that railway construction means, the Germans, in the face of their self-denying ordinance, now hold the key to the whole position in the heart of the Yangtze Valley, cannot be denied. . . Nor is that all. Whilst the Germans have successfully manoeuvred us into surrendering our own position in the Yangtze, they show no disposition whatever to surrender any of the exclusive rights which they claim in Shantung, though we recognise the latter only in return for their recognition of the former.

Germany's attitude in the coming territorial changes in China gives rise to not a little speculation. Were she to advance a claim for compensation in Shantung, it is difficult to see how it could be effectually resisted. Yet it is apparent that her interests in the Far East are more or less isolated in character. On the other hand, Japan and Russia are Continental neighbours of China, and something may therefore be said for their claim to possessing an influence in frontier regions. While not going too deeply into this aspect of the case, we cannot escape the reflection that the employment of this influence as a cloak for territorial aggrandisement, and with the tacit sanction of Great Britain, is to be deplored. It means that the doctrine of the Open Door, never much more than a specious formula, is dead and done for. Conceivably it may mean the opening of another sanguinary page in China's troubled history. The plea, so often advanced of late, that her dilatory tactics over the loan negotiations have invited aggression is untenable when we remember that, long before the Republic had dealings with the Consortium, Japan and Russia had formulated their policy in regard to Manchuria. And it is Russia who now stands in the way of China's financial freedom, declaring that she will not consent to any loan that may in part be used in the raising of forces to be employed against her in Mongolia.

MOTORING

THE year 1912 has been one of the most noteworthy in the annals of the motor industry, and in the world-movement towards the universal adoption of mechanically-propelled in place of animal-drawn locomotion. It is not that there have been revolutionary developments in any phase of the mechanism or equipment of the automobile, or even any indication that such developments may be expected to take place. As a matter of fact, in the short space of 20 years the completely satisfactory mode of locomotion has been

evolved and practically perfected, and there is really no need for the most exacting to demand anything more than improvements in the details which make for personal comfort, convenience, and luxury.

The closing year has, however, been especially notable because it has determined beyond all doubt the practicability of the self-propelled vehicle as a universal mode of locomotion, and not one merely available for a limited section of the community. And in this connection it is only fair to state that the much-abused, low-priced American car has rendered invaluable service. Before its appearance, the advantages and pleasures of motoring were practically confined to the few, and it seemed to the man in the street that for him they were not likely to materialise. Now, however, everything is altered, thanks to the example of the cheap American car and the determined competition of its makers, and there is no longer any reason why even the man of most moderate means should be debarred from the joys of the open road.

Apart from the all-round cheapening of motoring for which 1912 will always be remembered, the last twelve months have witnessed the inception of a world-wide demand for a motor fuel other than petrol, and it is certain that the agitation for such a fuel will not be abandoned until its object is obtained. At present the whole motoring community, both here and abroad, is in the grip of a "ring," which has shown its determination to exploit the new movement for every farthing it is worth, and this exploiting process will continue so long as petrol remains the only fuel available. The danger is now fully recognised, and in this country especially the representative motoring organisations are actively bestirring themselves to find a solution of the problem. The R.A.C. is engaged in testing scientifically all motor spirits that appear to contain possibilities as alternative fuels; the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has offered a substantial prize (2,000 guineas) to whoever shall submit the best home-produced motor fuel; and the Automobile Association and Motor Union has for a long time been occupied in efforts to secure supplies of petrol to its members at a reasonable price. It appears likely that before another year is ended the motorist will be buying benzol in place of petrol, and obtaining a satisfactory fuel at a reasonable price. To the outsider it is somewhat mysterious that this spirit, which can be produced in unlimited quantities from ordinary coal dust at very small cost, and which is indisputably as good a motor fuel as petrol, should not be immediately placed on the market in opposition to petrol, and information as to the exact nature and extent of the difficulties is strangely hard to obtain. No doubt, however, the obstacles, whatever they may be, will be overcome and the foreign petrol "ring" broken before another year's record of progress in the motoring world has to be written.

From the point of view of international competition, 1912 has emphasised more than any previous year the success of the British manufacturers. Our imports of foreign cars have been less and our exports of home-

made cars greater than in any previous year since the industry assumed importance. Our makers, who were handicapped by the ten years' start of their continental competitors, are now actively carrying the war of competition out of the home market into the enemy's country, and even in France, the real home of the industry, the best British cars find an increasingly wide clientèle of admirers and purchasers. Many of our manufacturers have now their own dépôts in Paris, and at the recent international exhibition in the Grand Palais the British exhibitors far outnumbered those of any other nationality, except, of course, those of France itself. From a purely business point of view, the year has been the most prosperous in the history of the trade, so far as the British makers are concerned; and on all sides one hears of the most roseate prospects for the future. In fact, many of our best-known makers have sufficient orders actually in hand to occupy them for the next twelve months. Of the individual makers, some have enhanced and some created reputations. Without being invidious, it is permissible to refer to the Vauxhall and Sunbeam Companies, both of which have been brilliantly successful in the breaking of speed records during the year, and to the Sheffield-Simplex, which has now definitely established its claims to rank as one of the very finest cars in the world. For some reason or other, probably not unconnected with its makers' inadequate appreciation of the value of publicity, this British car, which was the first, we believe, to show what could be done in the way of top-gear long-distance running, has never attracted the popular attention to which it is entitled, and which many inferior cars receive. But under the new management this has already been largely altered, and since the Olympia Show the Sheffield-Simplex has taken the high position to which it is legitimately entitled. Napier and Rolls-Royces, the other two representative British cars of the highest class, have fully retained their popularity and earned record dividends for their shareholders; so that altogether the British motor industry has every reason to look back upon 1912 with satisfaction.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE past week is one of those which most people forget as a week of business. It is devoted to assuaging the accumulated miseries of the past twelve months. Yet this year, had it not been for the Balkan war, would have been one of prosperity. In the great manufacturing towns everyone has been working at high pressure, high prices and high profits. Fortunes are being made. A slump may come, but at the moment no one can say from which quarter it will arrive. Given peace, it looks as though 1913 would be a year of continued good trade and high values. But we must have peace. War destroys credit and we cannot make money without credit.

The new issues have not gone at all well. In almost every case underwriters have been left. Even high-yielding, so-called, securities have failed to please. Trade is so good that the public do not want any investment better than their own business. And, frankly, they are wise, for a well-established industrial business in Great Britain is as sound a venture as one can find. But the City does not worry; it knows that sooner or later the shares and bonds it has had to take will be sold through the Stock Exchange. Stockbrokers will send out highly-coloured slips upon which the venture appears better than a trustee stock, and as such slips are usually marked "Private," they assume a gravity which they did not possess when advertised under the name of prospectus in the public Press. The public is very foolish.

Canada is getting ready numberless new issues for the forthcoming year. Her appetite for capital grows with what it feeds on. Canada must have money. Her real estate gamble grows each week. Insane prices are now paid for land in the far western towns. As a serious Toronto paper has pointed out, there are only a few million people in the country, and most of them are in the large towns, therefore the high price of western land is a terrible tax upon those who live upon it. I must warn my readers against the numberless agencies in London now offering land at fabulous prices. One, the Canadian Capital Investments, has been exposed in many Canadian and English newspapers. It offers suburban blocks in Regina, and the Regina Board of Trade have felt compelled to issue a circular warning people against the offers. It is said that the map was not drawn to scale, and that the two sections, Belgravia and Mayfair, will not be ripe for development in this generation, whilst the third, Coronation Park, is priced 100 per cent. too high.

MONEY must come down in price in the New Year, though there are people who say that Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece will require such huge sums to develop their new territory that all the money on the Continent will not suffice. The mercantile marine of Greece is growing rapidly, and with it her trade. But she needs capital. Servia could supply half Europe with pigs and bacon. Bulgaria has wealth not yet explored. But all need money. Enormous sums now being hoarded will be set free when peace is declared, but they will be needed. India, the Argentine, Egypt will want a little more money, and Brazil is in the market. I think the Bank Rate may go down early in January, but only by a half per cent. And even this reduction is by no means sure.

FOREIGNERS.—Really only two gambling counters exist in the Foreign market in London—Tintos and Perus. It is now hoped that Tintos will go up; they have been over-sold, and a rise is due. The copper position is strong, and we shall get a big dividend for the year. Perus have been written up and talked up, but those who buy never pay, and the speculation account is always at the mercy of the money-lender. However, a serious attempt is to be made to deal with the Debenture Debt, and in this assumption Peru Prefs are held up. The Corporation is attempting to get the railways in perpetuity. They will then be able to offer a better security, and can pay off the present 6 per cent issue at 105, offering 4½ per cent. perpetual debentures in exchange. Such an operation, it is claimed, would give the Preference their dividend in full. But the Corporation needs money, and would probably increase the debt. Also there are arrears of Preference dividend amounting to over 70 per cent.

HOME RAILS.—Next week the dividend calculators will be hard at work on the Home Railway Returns. They will have a much easier task than they had last half-year, when the Coal Strike came in and made accurate guessing an impossibility. We must, however, wait for the Christmas week traffics, as they are usually heavy. In the meantime, Great Central comes out the best. Great

Western, L.N.W.R., Midland, and North-Eastern are all good, and Lancashire and Yorkshire is also well ahead. Great Eastern is poor and Great Northern does not hold its own. I again say buy Great Central, it is one of the few lines that have big things in front of them.

YANKEES have suddenly improved. The "bears" have overdone the selling, and those who hammered Unions down to 158½ are now sorry for themselves. They had an easy task to get the price down, but when they tried to buy back they found it not quite so easy. The Reading increase in dividend coming on top of its victory in the courts did not affect the market in the least—I should say, did not affect the quotation; possibly the market felt sick. There is still much talk of the attack on Steels, and here I am nervous. I again repeat my advice to buy Unions. They are undervalued.

RUBBER.—The Daejan meeting was stormy. Shareholders are now getting up an agitation for a committee of investigation. There seem some considerable discrepancies between the prospectus promises and the results, and a committee could do no harm. Pataling increased its interim distribution, but I do not see how it can improve upon the 250 per cent. paid last year unless it has some surprise in store in the shape of reduced working costs. It is a splendid little property, and cheap at to-day's prices.

OIL.—The Shell announcement was satisfactory, and I hear that the company is doing extremely well. The Tampico report is good; there are now four wells down on oil, but the company has not enough money to drill with energy. Santa Maria report is atrocious. The first prospectus spoke of huge sums and a huge output; the report cannot give a tenth of what we were asked to expect.

MINES.—The Great Cobar report shows an increase in profits, but no dividends. Neither can I see any dividends in the future for this overrated, ill-managed, over-capitalised venture. The Debenture debt hangs like a millstone round the neck of the company. The New Kleinfontein scandal makes yet another reason why we should abandon all our Kaffirs. The life is now put at 13 years, and actually not many months past we were told by those who were supposed to speak officially that the mine had 25 years longer to live! This is the second time the company has figured in a bad scandal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The market still takes a gloomy view of the National Telephone, and thinks the quotations for the Deferred over-valued. I cannot agree. I think that those who hold on will find that their patience has been repaid handsomely. North-Eastern Breweries have had a good year in spite of the Government. The Egyptian Salt and Soda increased the dividend to 6½, and carry forward almost as much as they pay away. They have entirely re-organised their balance-sheet, and written down the concessions to a nominal amount. The shares are cheap.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The present Government have filled up the cup of unscrupulousness to overflowing, and your suggestion of a Defence League comes not a moment too soon. The exact form the required covenant should take may be a matter to be more precisely determined, especially as the language proposed in your pages is at once declaratory and explanatory, and it is presumable that the covenant will be a declaration only. At the same time the motives of the Defence League are most aptly expounded from

the British point of view, and their exposition is all the more refreshing since one is weary of the perpetual insistence that Ulster is the sole obstacle to Home Rule. When it is transparently self-evident that if the Ulster difficulty had no existence at all the impossibility of Home Rule would be every whit as strongly established. What is desirable is to concentrate attention on one or two points which by themselves stamp this Bill as intolerable from the British standpoint, and the retention of the 42 Members, the gross iniquity and chaos of the finance, and the fiscal disunion of the customs are undoubtedly the most salient items of objection, though I would add to this number the hopeless, reactionary, anti-Liberal policy of setting up an Irish Nationalist Government in this twentieth century to rule Ireland and Great Britain as well.

In face, therefore, of this immeasurable public danger it is necessary that a spirit of resolve should be most forcibly proclaimed and that essentially on the primary basis that the resisters are the true law regards, insisting only that the law should be founded, as it immemorably has been, on the assent of Crown, Lords, and Commons.

For the rest it is a particularly welcome feature of the League's programme that the leaders of the party should be called upon immediately to declare their intention to repeal the Home Rule Bill if passed. This will serve two invaluable purposes. It will prevent any lively anticipation of a Home Rule Parliament occupying the interval before the Act can pass under the Parliament Bill, and, above all, it will frustrate the establishment of a Legislature in Dublin followed by the resignation of the present Ministry, leaving to their successors the munificent legacy of extricating Ireland from the slough and slush into which she is incontinently to be launched. Anyhow, the nauseous tyranny that those manœuvres have engendered can now obviously only be remedied by all liberty-loving Englishmen relying upon themselves as the sole securers of their own freedom and by making it clear to all it may happen to concern that there are an incalculable number of our fellow-countrymen in deadly earnest on this gravest of all Imperial issues. Yours truly,

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading the account of the League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union in your last issue of *THE ACADEMY*, and I should like to be permitted to propose a third object for the consideration of the League—a copy of which I enclose. I am, yours faithfully,

ROBERT VERSCHOYLE, J.P. and D.L.
Springfield, Ross, Herefordshire.
December 18.

(ENCLOSURE.)

No. 3.—To represent respectfully to H.M. the King, that to give the Royal assent—while the constitution of the country is in abeyance—to any of the three great measures now before the House of Commons, and until they have been submitted to the judgment of the people, would be highly unconstitutional.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—To controvert the inferential evidence submitted by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is not the purpose of this letter, but to establish the fact that Shakespeare was an actor and dramatist and solely connected with the theatrical business. Attention is therefore drawn to the association of John Heminge and Henry Condell with William Shakespeare—these actors are mentioned with the rest of their associates in a Royal Licence for Shakes-

peare's Company, "The King's Players," dated 19 May, 1603. They are associated as proprietors in the Globe Theatre, c1606, and again as proprietors in the Blackfriars Theatre, c1606. They are remembered by Shakespeare in his will, to whom he left "twenty-six shillings and eightpence to buy them rings." In 1623 Heminge and Condell published Shakespeare's plays, in folio; in the Dedication they say, "We have but collected them and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians: without ambition either of self-profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as this was our Shakespeare by humble offer of the plays, etc." At this time Bacon, the philosopher, essayist and politician was still living. Heminge and Condell in their address to the reader in the folio solemnly affirm the authenticity of all the several pieces that make up the collection and their care in publishing them. These honest editors acknowledge in terms equally solemn the author's right in his copies, and they lament that he had not exercised that right by a publication of them during his lifetime. Now Bacon could not have had any interest in the plays, or he would have superintended the publication of them. As it is, the text of the folio abounds with errors. Bacon was careful and published his own works. In a play entitled "The Returne from Parnassus," iv., iii (1601), there is a passage where Kemp says to Burbage "Few of the University pen plays well. . . . Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge." The incident here mentioned is in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster." The purge is probably to be found in "As You Like It," Jacques' speeches, Act 2. But all this is in connexion with a quarrel known as the War of the Theatres, in which Bacon could not have been concerned. Why Bacon, the philosopher, essayist, and politician should be considered also as a poet and dramatist, and such a dramatist as Shakespeare, is not within my comprehension. "The Philosopher," says Sir Philip Sydney, "teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomach; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher." Also Massinger,

Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers.
They with cold precepts, perhaps seldom read
Deliver what an honourable thing
The Active virtue is. But does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented on our theatres?

Bacon, with some truth, might have expressed himself in these words—on Shakespeare. "Yet he's gentle, never schooled, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised"—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
TOM JONES.

London, E.C.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.—THE TESTIMONY OF FLORIO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Last Saturday you were good enough to print a letter of mine in which I showed that Florio had told us that the author of the Shakespeare plays was "a gentleman," a man of position, "who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." Bacon himself tells us the same thing in his "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons Attempted and Committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex,

and his Complices," which was published in 1601. In this work Bacon tells us "About the Middle of Michaelmas term, Her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my Lodge at Twickenham Park, at which time I had—though I profess not to be a poet—prepared a sonnet, directly tending and alluding to draw on Her Majesty's reconciliation to my Lord Essex, which I remember I also showed to a great person." Here Bacon, writing in 1601, says: "I profess not to be a poet," which seems to fit in exactly with the testimony of Florio.

Bacon in 1603 repeats again the same story of his being "a concealed poet" in his letter to John Davis, whom he asks to use his good offices on his behalf with King James I, for he concludes, "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets," while Bacon in his last prayer says, "I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men."

"Despised weed" means a mean disguise. And what disguise could be conceived meaner and more degrading than the name of the drunken illiterate clown of Stratford?

Again, the "gentleman," the man of position "who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so," writes in Sonnet 76,

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost sel* my name,
Shewing their birth and where they did proceed?"

Here we see that the writer of the Sonnets, who is also the writer of the Shakespeare plays, tells us, in the actual words used by Bacon in his last prayer, that he keeps his works of invention, that is, his poetical works, concealed under a "noted weed," a pseudonym, a mean disguise. In Book VII of his "De Augmentis," 1623, which was, however, not translated into English till 1640, Bacon again repeats the same story, for he tells us "that in the works he his now putting forth and in those he proposes to put forth later he has laid aside the glory and dignity of his own name for the good and profit of mankind." And again we get the same story in the beautiful prayer which, although not printed till 1679, was almost certainly written as the dedication of the plays known as Shakespeare's:

"This is the Form and Rule of our Alphabet.

May God the Creator, Preserver, and Renewer of the Universe protect and govern this Work both in its ascent to His Glory and in its descent to the Good of Mankind, for the sake of his Mercy and good Will to Men, through his only Son (Immanuel) *God-with-us*."

Methinks the above form very strong evidence as to who was the real author of the plays known as Shakespeare's. Yours, EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

Dec. 17, 1912.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Martin has recovered his *savoir faire*, so that my last letter has at all events accomplished something. There are, however, some other things Mr. Martin has still to recover: one of them is his sense of logic. The beginner of a controversy, let me therefore hasten to assure him, is the person who begins it. It may seem obvious, but I gather from his last letter he has not yet grasped it. Mr. Martin wrote a letter in your columns, into which he imported a cryptic utterance on the subject of Christian Science. When he was good enough to explain the cryptogram, it turned out that he meant that Christian Scientists satisfied themselves of the truth of Christian Science, by a method he was kind enough to evolve for them out of his own consciousness. I merely

* "Sel" may mean "sell" or "spell" or "tell."

pointed out that the method evolved out of Mr. Martin's inner consciousness did not happen to be the method employed by Christian Scientists, and I explained what the Christian Science method was. Mr. Martin seems to imagine that because I explained to your readers that the lines along which he kindly arranged that Christian Scientists thought were not the lines they had themselves adopted, I was bound, therefore, to produce the evidence their method of reasoning accumulated.

He has at last, however, made the discovery that I have no intention whatever of doing anything so foolish as attempting to produce in a letter, evidence which would fill very many issues of your paper. He admits that I have "excellent reasons for not producing this evidence." Of course I have, but, on his own showing, it is most unreasonable of him to suffer so severely because those reasons are excellent. He says he denies my moral right to keep this evidence up my sleeve. But he has said that my reasons are excellent. Therefore, how can he reasonably disguise the entire absence of logic in his own position as an immoral proceeding on my part? He says that the withholding of the evidence cannot be justified by the satisfaction a man feels in being the only educated person in the community to which he belongs. Mr. Martin is evidently determined to pose as a minor prophet. First of all, how does he know that I am the only educated person in the Christian Science community? Or, if he does not mean this—and you can never be quite sure of what Mr. Martin does mean, until the Martin Society has elucidated him—he must mean that I think I am the only educated person in the Christian Science community. Now, how can Mr. Martin know what I think? It was knowing how Christian Scientists thought that got him into his original difficulty, and, having made this mistake about Christian Scientists in general, he is now making it about me in particular. One cannot avoid the suspicion that he has been reading the story in Chuang Tzu, of the Chinaman who watched the minnows under a bridge. "See how the minnows are darting about! That is the pleasure of fishes," said Chuang Tzu. "You, not being a fish yourself," returned Hui Tzu, "how can you possibly know in what consists the pleasure of fishes?" "And you, not being I," retorted Chuang Tzu, "how can you know that I do not know?" "If I, not being you, cannot know what you know," urged Hui Tzu, "it follows that you, not being a fish, cannot know in what consists the pleasure of fishes." "Let us go back," said Chuang Tzu, "to your original question. You asked me how I knew in what consists the pleasure of fishes. Your very question shows that you knew I knew. For you asked me how I knew. I knew it from my own

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feelings on the bridge. From my own feelings above the bridge I infer those of the fishes below." It is just like that with Mr. Martin. His arguments are inferences from his own feelings. However, as Chuang Tzu says, "Let us go back."

Mr. Martin finally says that he must be an unappreciative wretch if he were not grateful for the benefits which this correspondence has vouchsafed to him. Anybody who has ever entered into a correspondence with Mr. Martin will readily admit that the pleasure of writing letters to the paper is not one which he does not appreciate, and does not take full advantage of. Yours truly,
FREDERICK DIXON.

Ambley House, Norfolk Street, Strand.
December 12, 1912.

AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter by Mr. Dodgson in THE ACADEMY of November 23. While thanking him for his courteous reference to my book, I may perhaps interpret it as indirectly a question to which it is a pleasure to reply.

From the top of Hissarlik the summit of the conical hill of Tenedos is visible—*est in conspectu Tenedos*—but all the lower part of the island is concealed by the ridge along the western coast. Neither sea nor ships can be seen from Troy except off the mouth of the Scamander and within the Hellespont. But if a signal were to be given to Sinon from the fleet, the information he would require would be not of the departure from Tenedos but of the arrival at the *litora nota*. This could be well conveyed, at distance of some four miles, by a fire-beacon on a ship. This may have been in Virgil's mind, and is, I think, not inconsistent with his words. But I doubt if he had a clear idea of the geographical facts; for the description of the arrival of the serpents conveys the idea that their whole course from Tenedos was visible:

"Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
Horresco referens—inmensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt."
—(II, 203-5.)

I may add that Tenedos is fully twelve miles from Troy, not eight, as Mr. Dodgson says. Yours faithfully,
WALTER LEAF.

6, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, N.W.

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

MOUSE BUTTOCK.

Sir,—“The Mouse—buttock of beef.” In the “Historical English Dictionary,” of Oxford, the only authority cited for “mouse buttock” is the English Dialect Dictionary. On turning to that one finds no author, date, or region quoted to prove its use; but it is said to mean: “the fleshy piece which is cut out from a round of beef.” On page 150 of “Cookery made Easy,” by Michael Willis (London: 1829) in the “Recipes for the sick,” and under the item “A Clear Broth to Keep,” we are told: “Put the mouse buttock of beef,” etc.

“HENNERY” IN 1853.

Some readers of the great Oxonian Dictionary of the English Language may have wondered why no instance of the word “hennery,” for “hen-house” or “poultry-yard,” earlier than the year 1859, is on record there, and perhaps have surmised that the word was in-

vented by a suffragette, as it is based entirely on the rights and duties of the female biped. It is, therefore, interesting to note its occurrence on page 37 of “Up the River,” by F. W. Shelton, printed in New York, in 1853, in the phrase “or scaling the hennery.”

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford.

December 2, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

A History of Montenegro. By F. S. Stevenson. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Jarrold and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Disraeli. By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Diptera Nematocera. By E. Brunetti. Illustrated. (Taylor and Francis. 20s.)

Forward Against Misery. By Commissioner G. S. Railton. Illustrated. (Salvation Army.)

Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse. By Claude M. Fuess, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 5s. 6d. net.)

Modern War and Peace. By Viscount Esher, G.C.B. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

A Tale of Wulstan. By E. J. Watson. (J. W. Arrow-smith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

Original Tales and Ballads in the Yorkshire Dialect. By John Malham-Dembleby. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Mary Pillenger, "Supreme Factor." By "Brenda." (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

Nerissa. By Maynard Dunning. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Aileen: A Tale of Deeds and Misdeeds. By Marjorie Cooper. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

A Laodicean, a Story of To-Day. By Thomas Hardy. Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

VERSE.

Verses and Reverses. By Wilfrid Meynell. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. net.)

Poems by Wm. Allingham. Selected and Arranged by Helen Allingham. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Songs of Childhood, and Other Verses. By Margery Lawrence. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)

Lyrics. By Ellen Kullmann. (Sherratt and Hughes.)

The Georgics of Virgil in English verse. By Arthur S. Way, D.Lit. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Spring Notes and Other Poems. By Susan Bostock. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

On the Way to Willowdale. By Robert Loveman. (The A. Y. Showalter Co., Dalton, Georgia, U.S.A. \$1.)

The Howling Ships of Tarshish, and Other Poems. By Morrogh Shannon. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Australian Idylls, and Other Poems. By E. A. Henty (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Poems. By Lucy Masterman. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

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Wessex Poems, and Other Verses. By Thomas Hardy. With Portrait. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Streets: A Book of London Verses. By Douglas Goldring. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By E. L. Hill. With Frontispiece. (The Electrician Printing and Publishing Co.)

JUVENILE.

The Star Dream. By Ellen M. Dobinson. With a Preface by the Bishop of Chichester. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. 6d. net.)

How the Children met the Three Kings; A Little Christmas Play for Home or School Acting. By Maude Egerton King. (A. C. Fifield. 4d.)

The Adventures of Turco-Bullworthy, his Dog Shrimp, and his Friend Dick Wynyard. By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated. (R. and T. Washbourne. 2s. 6d.)

The Moon-Boat. By Alice M. Brown. Illustrated by Isabel Bonns. (F. E. Stoneham. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Mercure de France; The Bodleian; Nash's Holiday Special; La Société Nouvelle, Mons; The Antidote; Publishers' Circular; Atlantic Monthly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Bookseller; Musical Standard; Ulula; Cambridge University Reporter; The Idler; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Peru To-Day; The Collegian, Calcutta; Amateur Photographer, Christmas No.

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